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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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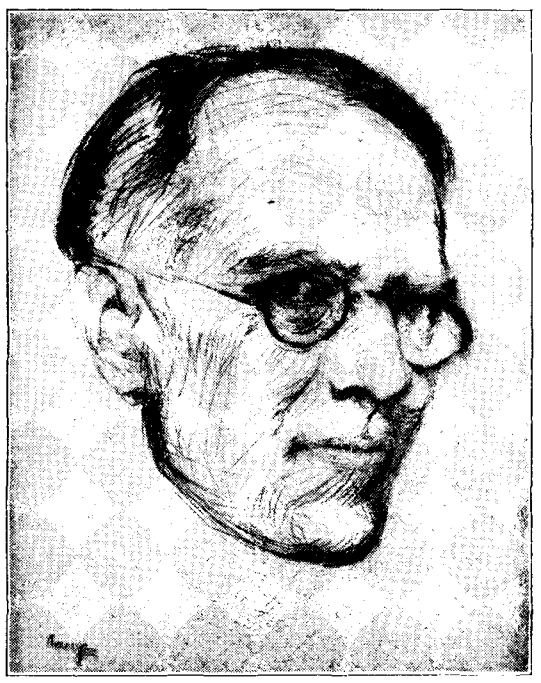

STUART P. SHERMAN

Finis to a Diary

THE FARINGTON DIARY. May 19, 1815 to December 30, 1821. Edited by JAMES GREIG. Vol. VIII. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $7.50.

Reviewed by WILBUR C. ABBOTT
Harvard University

IT is with genuine regret that one comes, with this volume, to the end of the Farington Diary. It is not, if one may judge by the fact that three editions of the first volume were required and only one of the others, likely to produce the same sensation or to have as wide a popularity as the first volume. But it is not on account of the fact that it is less interesting. It is only less novel than its predecessor. It has, in fact, fully as many high spots as the first volumes, and though its accounts of Wellington and Blücher and Waterloo and Napoleon are not as personal and vivid as those of Creevy, they have a touch of their own. Moreover the fact that this volume covers the critical period which followed the conclusion of the Napoleonic War, and the fact that we have very little of such first-hand material of this sort relating to that period, makes this instalment particularly welcome. It has the additional advantage of containing a complete account of the preservation, the discovery, and the first publication of the Diary, supplementing the account given in the first volume by fresh information not available when that volume was published in 1922. In that story, as in so many cases of the remnants of such material salvaged from the neglect of the past, there is a certain element of romance, and while it would be too much to expect that the later volumes should receive the attention of the first, which was published in part in the pages of the *Morning Post*, it is probable that as time goes on Farington will take his place, if not beside Pepys and Walpole, certainly beside Evelyn and Luttrell.

Yet this volume, if it lacks the quality of a literary sensation, contains much of great interest. It continues the story of the decline and fall of Napoleon begun in volume VII, as viewed from English soil. It contains an extraordinary amount of literary gossip—of Wordsworth, the younger Boswell, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Sheridan, and especially of the publishers Cadell and Davis. Nor is

(*Continued on page* 203)

Stuart P. Sherman: "The American Scholar"*

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is a grateful task to read "The Life and Letters" of Stuart Sherman and to write upon the man. To have known him, to have read him while he was still alive, is an assurance of vitality in one's own experience. For, little celebrated as he was outside of intellectual societies, he was a representative man, with a scope, a depth, and a tension which make his life history one which has to be taken into account before his period can be accurately described. He belongs, and is responsible for, the early nineteen hundreds in America as truly as Roosevelt and Wilson, Mencken and Dreiser, the movies and the automobile.

He came from the lineage of the prophets. Emerson was his prototype and his Elijah. "To many a lonely student, obscure and friendless, meditating in the long cold spring and adolescence of his talent on his untried power, Emerson has come as with the sound of a magical trumpet, shattering the dungeons of fear, sending the young knight on his quest inwardly fortified and resolute to give soul and body to that undertaking, whatever it be, for which he was sent into the world." So Sherman wrote of Emerson, with that self-reflection which is inevitable when we interpret those we admire and see our own wills realized in their achievement. And he defined his own wish to "put a little fire in the belly" of the world, when he added, "Such is the primary function of the religious and democratic ethos with which he sought to impregnate American letters."

* * *

That Stuart Sherman was Emerson's man would be more obvious if Emerson's works were as well read as the books about them. He was not only spiritually and intellectually kin, but he had also a racial kinship which made it easy for him to act and think, not so much *like* Emerson, but *as* Emerson conceivably might have thought and acted in our generation. To many who knew him the comparison may seem inadequate, to Emersonians, perhaps excessive. Sherman's sardonic smile that concealed more than it gave, his caustic wit, did not suggest the luminous other-worldliness of the sage of Concord. He was on guard always against a universe that Emerson so happily accepted, and transcended. And yet the thoughtful reader of the eloquent letters in the newly published "Life" must inevitably compare their revelations with the man's known history, and say that Sherman was the captain of the rear guard of that American tradition in which Emerson was prophet and judge.

And Sherman is articulate in these letters as in his closely packed, meticulously phrased essays he never quite became beyond the limits of a brilliant sentence or flushed and eloquent paragraph. In his letters, he is openly the romantic and defiantly the idealist. The responsibilities of scholarship do not weigh him down. He hitches his wagon without qualifications to the star of a real and possible fining of the human spirit, he is egregiously American, even in his canny skepticisms. He is radical with a "religious and democratic" radicalism, regardful of intellectual rights rather than material comforts, opposed to progress where progress moves away from "the good life." It was a radicalism that broke with both academicism and Dreiser, with socialism and the Republican Party, just as Emerson broke with both State Street and the reformers. Indeed it is of that precise brand of characteristically American radicalism which Emerson brought to a focus and which has ever since been the cutting edge of American idealism. The best essay on Sherman is his own "Introduction" to Emerson, from which I have already quoted. Change the name and the references, and it will serve as a commentary on his own desires as made clear in his letters and his published works.

I have no desire to christen Sherman the "Emerson of our day." His self-defeating conflicts of skepticism and loyalty were far different from Emerson's high confidence. He was less poet and artist, more teacher and controversialist. If his concern was with the human spirit everywhere (which was what he meant by democracy) as was Emerson's also, he never broke through the bounds of the erudite. He spent his best energies upon intellectual pharisees for they were the audience he knew how to reach, and the affirmations of his letters are replaced by negatives in his essays, attack rather than prophecy. And while Emerson beyond all other modern men of eminence raised his intellectual passions to serenity, Sherman's "Life" is a story of strain and pugnacity. He is a man at odds with his environment, struggling with the preparations to be great. He was maladjusted, economically, intellectually, spiritually, and if the tension of his maladjustment made him certainly our best critic, it surely killed him before his goal was reached.

Nevertheless, the parallel between the careers of these two Americans, the sage of Concord and the oracle of the corn belt, is striking, and its instructiveness is in no way diminished by personal differences which I have no desire to minimize. The great service of this "Life and Letters" is to reconstruct the story of Emerson's "American

* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF STUART P. SHERMAN. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929. 2 vols. $10.

This Week

"After Mother India."
Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON.

"The American Secretaries of State."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

"Beyond Agnosticism."
Reviewed by VON OGDEN VOGT.

"The School for Wives."
Reviewed by ABEL CHEVALLEY.

"The Virtue of This Jest."
Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY.

"The Half Pint Flask."
Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY.

"Are We Civilized?"
Reviewed by ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER.

"Bitter Bierce."
Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN.

Once and for All.
By DAVID MCCORD.

Next Week

Fall Book Number.

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scholar," come alive, in our own day, an experience more vivid in its intellectual ardors, and I think more significant, than any novel Sherman might have written.

* * *

The narrative runs from a prospector's camp in the West through Williams College and into the fervor of Harvard when graduate teaching of the history and science of literature had become a cult. It stretches through that life of a professor, placid externally, pinched and narrow in the view of fat and prosperous America, but often ardent and pulsing and flung from depth to heighth of intellectual emotion. And then on to New York. The scholar changes, the man remains the same, a moralist without orthodoxy, a radical holding fast to known realities until he could find new ones, a teacher clinging tenaciously to a faith (long since departed from New England) that culture was a religion for men, not for scholars only, and lost its sweetness when kept in the classroom and the text-book. For the fruits of the intellect were not good enough for this man unless they were transmissible into his own life and the nation's. I am aware that this is not the usual idea of Stuart Sherman's career. His guarded wit, his quick blows at easy rationalisms, his hot conservatism in the face of so-called progress, were all deceptive. But that this Emersonism (I do not know how better to describe it) was fundamental, his letters with constant iteration abundantly prove.

It was fundamental, and it was decisive in his career. When Emerson withdrew from the church and became a lonely oracle, he challenged precisely that form of institutionalism which in his days most throttled the free movements of the spirit. His radicalism was of self-dependence and of self-revelation. When Sherman went to Harvard, the universities had taken over the function of the churches as guardians of high thinking. Youth heard its idealism in literature, not in the pulpit. It was by good reading that the intellect was to be saved for things of the spirit. Literary culture, which in earlier times had been self-sought outside of the ancient classics, was now a major subject of instruction. In an education otherwise conformable to the needs of a practical age, it was the chief antidote to stockbroking and best alleviative for the country's obsession with adding bank to bank, factory to factory. Salvation was no longer by Jesus, but through Shelley, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and Arnold.

But the universities had already passed through the first stages of religious conversion and were more concerned with the accuracy of the dogma than "fire in the belly" of man. Their training schools in the faith were the new graduate departments which, under German influence, were springing up everywhere. Now that literature in the vulgar tongue had become a bread of spiritual life, it must be administered by experts. It must have its theology, its exegesis, its commentaries. The young Ph. D.'s pouring out of Harvard (just then *fidei defensor*) must be trained in philology as their predecessors had been trained in scholastic argument. To the science of theology succeeded the science of literature.

* * *

Stuart Sherman, fresh from the expansive West, was first persuaded of the immense vitality of literature in comparison with the staleness of institutional religion, by casual lectures in Williams of the enthusiast, William Lyon Phelps,* who discoursed of books as if they were coals of fire for the spirit. He went on to the Harvard graduate school, then setting the standards by which literature should be taught, believing that he was engaged "in a great cause, worthy of surrender, something to give one's life to" in order "to add to the sum of knowledge—; to contribute to justice; to contribute to the joy and beauty of the world." And he encountered the science of the new theology, Gothic and Anglo-Saxon as disciplines where he wished to study Browning and the Elizabethans as literature: an insistence on historical accuracy where his passion was for moral and esthetic truth.

Sherman was a romantic, and his desires, like the desires of all romantics, were expansive and creative. He wished to make imagination tangible in poetry and infectious in criticism. He wished to go straight to the business of lighting a fire in the belly of the world. But he was a scholar by temperament, and his judgment was good. He submitted to the discipline, seeing that the mere enthusiast in literature would soon burn out his heart. He learned more from his opponents than from his friends. It was Irving Babbitt who with dogmatic strength taught him the value of classic order, proportion, restraint. It was the great scholar, Kittredge, ruthless in his accuracy, a stickler for intellectual discipline, a man like Browning's grammarian wanting to know, no end to the knowing, it was Kittredge who laid down the Harvard challenge, to know all about literature before practising it. They made a Ph.D. of Sherman, tempted the lion of work in him to crouch in a cage and gnaw bones to dust, and sent him away as good a scholar as came from Harvard in that era, but with the enthusiast in him turned into a devil of doubt which held him to the insatiable demands of scientific scholarship and yet drove him to turn all he knew upon the problem of culture itself—What was it worth when desiccated into treatises? What was it accomplishing if the people did not profit? Was his own soul saved by order and accuracy and all that could be known of literary history? "We need men with an eye for contours and altitudes, a sense for life in its fulness, an eye for the glory of the world. Such men . . . the graduate schools are turning away uneducated into literary hackwork, journalism, and underfed literature . . ." Literature must be "a partner of politics, religion, and morals, and potentially the most effective partner."

* * *

It was in his first years as an instructor in a Western university, I imagine, that the smile we all knew became sardonic. In a happier age, with this revolt in his heart, he might have wandered to Paris, become an angelic or diabolic doctor, drawn the studentry after him, and set up a new religion of culture—as had Emerson three-quarters of a century before. But Sherman followed Emerson only in his rebellion against the chains of institutionalism; he still wore them, though he clanked them at intervals in the *Nation* (to the distress of good Harvard students and the delight of the rebellious), and continued to study and to think. For the penalty of our too much knowing is heavy upon the youthful scholar, especially when youth has conscience as well as ambition. If the aims and ends of literary scholarship are to be attacked, its vast apparatus of learning, which can bemuse the honest critic as readily as upset the charlatan, must first be mastered. One must possess scholarship in order to challenge it, and that, in our day, is a task for a lifetime. There is a new scholasticism where the shapeless edifice ever building wears out the would-be critic in mere numbering of its galleries and halls.

And Sherman stayed inside, bound economically (for where else could he earn a living) as much as by his scholar's conscience. In the published essays of his early years at Illinois, the inner conflict is only half articulate, even in those which, like the famous *Nation* article on Kittredge, are directly critical of the aims of the study and teaching of English. One must go to his letters to see what fire was burning. Outwardly he had completed his first stage of development. The order and control he had imposed upon his own romantic spirit he now began to try to preach, not chiefly to his colleagues, as was the academic wont ("the academic point of view," he said, "lacks two virtues one cannot do without and touch greatness: courage and love") but to the anarchic, realistic America that was writing and thinking outside with such sublime ignorance both of principles and of Harvard. He did not yet comprehend this extra-academic America, he reached only a few critics and escaped professors, but it obsessed him as it had once obsessed Emerson.

* * *

It was then, perhaps, that we became aware of Sherman. For if he was still enmeshed in academic duties, still publishing where only the learned read him, still regarded vaguely by the literary as a young conservative emerging from under the wings of Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, his essential radicalism became evident at least to the spiritually kin. A scholar true to Emerson's definition, and yet equipped with the weapons of research, it was clear that he was setting aside an easy reputation in Chaucer or Beowulf or the miracle plays in order to strike out viciously against the system of cultural teaching in America. The universities, he said, were teaching literary histor[illegible] literature, and with infinite pains he had a[illegible] literary history in order to speak with author[illegible]he professor, he said, in whose hands culture [illegible], had become a specialist, inflicting his specialism upon his students with no true relation to their lives, or to any life, for he himself had lost touch with life. The flow of culture had dried to a description and analysis, with its immediate aim a knowledge of fact, and its ultimate end lost in the mists. There was discipline for the preordained specialist, and nullity for the citizen of the world, who emerged contemptuous from the classroom, or bearing with him only what was necessary for a degree. And all this had been institutionalized, precisely as in Emerson's youth religion had been institutionalized. Rewards were in accordance with success in its doctrines, reputations were made by it and it alone. A suspicion of charlatanism or "popularity" hung over the teacher who dared to step beyond his facts and speak of that "which loves life and seeks to help it toward a lovelier expression of itself." Sherman in the 1910's was proclaiming to those who would listen what Emerson certainly would have said of the dogmas of this new institutionalism which was so evidently placing impediments in the way of the intellectual passion by which culture lives. His challenge is as yet unanswered. But so, I suppose, is Emerson's. Yet the chains of ecclesiastical institutionalism are loosened.

* * *

Sherman spent the major portion of his working life in the small town of Urbana, Illinois, as a professor of English in one of the largest of the State universities—a university whose major interest was, quite properly, agriculture. He went to Urbana and he stayed in Urbana for reasons frequently discussed in his letters, and which seemed to him fundamental. He believed, he said, in democracy, and upon this issue broke with his old masters, Babbitt and More, who in truth were his allies only in the intention of "a good life" and a "world of order and righteousness," never in ways and final ends. He called the reason for his choice "democracy," but the word was ill-chosen, and indeed was used with a vagueness not characteristic of his esthetic vocabulary. He believed that if culture meant anything it must be transmissible, not merely to a class, but to the typical best of the typical many. These he hoped to find in the Middle West and in a State university more surely than in Amherst, or Yale, or Harvard. This was his contention, but one doubts whether it tells the whole story. He loved independence, I think, even more than democracy, and the independence of a heretic in culture was safest in an agricultural university. A mutual distrust kept him out of the older institutions. As for democracy, Sherman, unlike Emerson, was always unhandy in fields of experience far removed from the classroom and study. Even in his last New York years he could discuss socialism in terms which no practising socialist would have recognized as applicable to anything that really happened in politics. And his definition of democracy as the rights of man by divine revelation to the people is certainly not what democracy meant in Urbana. The truth is that Sherman was not interested in political or social democracy at all, except as a sympathetic form of organization. When he argues for democratic ideals, when he justified by them his life apart from the currents of intellectual life that swept most broadly through the older universities, or as the cause of his differences with the specialists or the humanists, he was more concerned with culture than with demos. It was not an idea but an aim that engaged his mind. He did not believe in culture as an end in itself. He did believe that the universities, and especially the older American universities, were imparting culture only to minds sympathetic with the brand they cared to manufacture. He believed that scholarship, whether of Plato or Aristotle, must stand the test of assimilation by non-Platonists and non-Aristotelians; more specifically, that literary and philosophic culture must be enlived and humanized by vital contact with the current mind. And he felt that this mind could no more be found complete and whole in a Boston group or a Yale faculty than in Mr. Ford's factory or a firm of New York lawyers. So he chose for his contacts (arbitrarily, I think) the uncategorized and little differentiated masses of a State university rather than the selected scholars, most of them professorward bent, with whom he would have inevitably dealt in Harvard or in Yale.

His theory seems to have been that life and teaching in Illinois would enable him to preach truly and write soundly for Harvard and New York. As

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* So stated to the writer, by Sherman himself.

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Mother India in the Dock

AFTER MOTHER INDIA. By HARRY FIELD. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1929. $3.50.

AN INDIAN COMMENTARY. By G. T. GARRATT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1929.

INDIA ON TRIAL. By J. E. WOOLACOTT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929.

NEIGHBOUR INDIA. By AGNES RUSH BARR. New York: Fleming H. Revell. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by EDWARD THOMPSON
Vassar College

IN "After Mother India" Mr. Field defends Miss Mayo, and shows up the pathetic feebleness of much of the reply made to "Mother India." Indians aiming at that wide target, the British administration, score many hits; Indians patriotically defending the indefensible in their own civilization can scarcely be classed as even C3 troops, for effectiveness. Their English and American friends are good-hearted but seldom deserving of much respect on intellectual grounds. We breed a sinful pride in our enemies, who feel, after exercise on our arguments, like a cat that has had a rousing afternoon with tethered pigeons. Nevertheless, it is worth while pointing out that Mr. Field—the latest successful feline—owes his triumph largely to his having ignored the miscellaneousness of Miss Mayo's attack and having concentrated on the startling first half of her book.

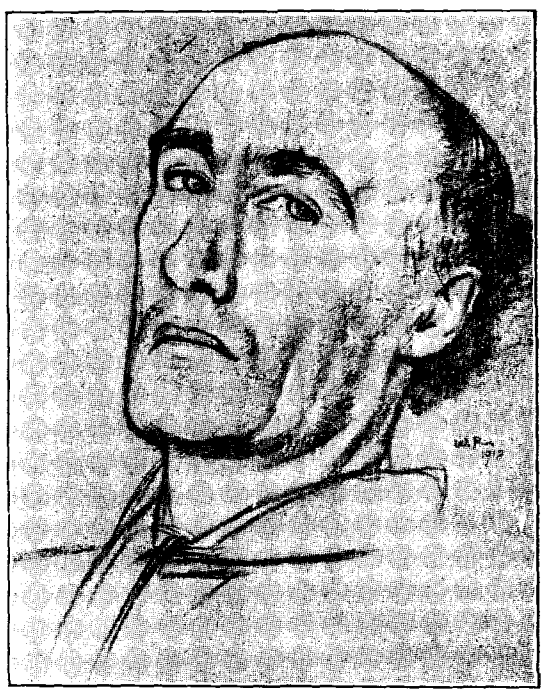
There can rarely have been a faultier book than "Mother India," or one that did more good. It abounds in howlers, some of them, like Miss Mayo's outline of England's connection with India (an account obviously picked up carelessly, from dinner-table or steamer conversation) or her dictum that India has no vernacular literatures, of a major kind; others, like her opening statement that the present age is under the patronage of the goddess Kali, of trivial importance, this example being due to some informant's ignorance of Sanskrit. On the strength of two sentences in his Introduction to Count Keyserling's "Book of Marriage," she represents Tagore as an upholder of child marriage. Tagore writes far too many Introductions, and they are always getting him into trouble. But the indignation in his protest against this misrepresentation should have been enough to convince Mr. Field; it is customary to accept a man's word, unless we can prove him a liar. Mr. Field does not accept it, unless this ungenerous tissue of innuendoes and assumptions can be called acceptance:

A personal associate of Mr. Tagore, Mr. C. F. Andrews, later advanced the information that in certain books, which, however, Mr. Andrews was unable to name, and which, he said, have never been translated from Bengali into English, Tagore has vehemently denounced the practice of child marriage. . . . That his championship of this cause, so deeply in need of the support of every prominent Indian, should lie buried in Bengali, hidden from the non-Bengali-speaking Hindu majority, or should be shrouded in an ambiguous phrase, or should be conspicuous only to those familiar with his personal life, is difficult to reconcile with the idea of championship worthy of the name.

The skilled investigator, even if he has travelled widely in a country and followed its newspapers and official publications—Mr. Field has done all this—may still be unaware of facts that are commonplaces to residents in that country. Every Indian knows that the Brahmo Samaj, the reformed Hindu church with which Tagore's family has had so close a connection for more than a century, forbids child marriage. As far back as 1884, Tagore angered the orthodox public by a tractage on Hindu Marriage. I am ashamed to refer to my own writings; but, since Mr. Field, like Miss Mayo, does me the honor of quoting me when I criticize Hindu customs, perhaps I may say that my larger study of Tagore repeatedly cites instances of the poet attacking child marriages, and translates considerable part of one savage poem—"Conversation Between a Newly Married Couple"—the couple being an old man and a little girl. I write from memory, with no copy by me; but I think the poem comes from "Manasi," a book published about 1887. And do not Mr. Field and Miss Mayo think that the whole Hindu Marriage question comes in for reasonably ferocious treatment in Tagore's short stories, many of which have been translated—in such a story as "Subha," for instance? As for the "buried in Bengali" sneer, Bengali happens to be Tagore's own tongue, it is spoken by fifty million people, he has been an English writer for only a few years but a Bengali one for half a century.

But Miss Mayo's main thesis was so moving and so terribly supported that it made her errors of scant importance. She was right in her insistence that the Hindu doctrine of woman is damnable. Her ghastly physical details brought this home to the slowest imagination, and shocked the European and American world. As a result, today we see the Hindu civilization fighting, not for praise or honor, but for bare respect. Did any book ever accomplish more? I consider this a magnificent achievement, a consummation long overdue. Every Indian question should be brought on to the scientific plane, clean away from the present atmosphere of patriotism and prejudice. Hindu and Mohammedan thought need the same searching examination that our own thought has had, and is still getting; Indian history and politics shouuld be handled as if neither Indian touchiness nor British pride existed.

Mr. Garratt's "Indian Commentary" is not indignant, as "Mother India" was; it is more closely knit and better documented, for he has not put his strength into one part of his theme and let the rest go. The book is without padding or fine writing, it is an almost ideal handbook to the political controversy—a guide to recent discontents and experiments, to the nationalist movement during the last fifty years, to the problems of the people, whether ignorant farmers, landless poor, precariously employed middle classes, or ruling princes. So conservative a man as Sir Valentine Chirol has testified to the book's moderation of tone and statement. I think it the best and fairest study of the Indian situation that has appeared in my lifetime.



ANDRÉ GIDE

From "Twenty Portraits," by William Rothenstein.
(*See page* 205)

"Neighbour India" belongs to the literature of edification. Miss Burr covers familiar ground—Indian poverty, superstition, ignorance—and brings out the great services of Christian missions. "India on Trial" is by an experienced journalist. If "Mother India" has left any considerable American public that still supposes the Indian Government to be what Mr. Gandhi calls it, Satanic, and the Indian nationalist movement angelic, this public should read "India on Trial." It will probably decide that India ought to go to jail. Truth would be easier to serve if she led merely into danger. Unhappily, she leads into squalid company; and if you follow freedom you cannot afford to be fastidious. Corruption, cowardice, meanness, these have found their way into every nationalist movement the world has seen. But the noblest, as well as the most selfish, thought of India is engaged in the controversy which next year will see the British Parliament endeavoring to end. "India on Trial" is indictment only. Mr. Woolacott exposes, by contemporary testimony, the absurdity of the statement that India used to be a wondrously wealthy land, which the British ruined. But other early European travelers in the country (whom he does *not* quote—Tavernier, for example) make it clear that some districts, at any rate, were once more flourishing than they now are; increase of population and centuries of soil-impoverishment have done their work. He makes a good deal of the sacks of Delhi by Nadir Shah and Ahmad Shah; it was treated quite as ruthlessly by the British in 1857. His first chapter, which is historical, is worth no more than Miss Mayo's incursions into history; he does wisely in stopping short of the Mutiny, for the beginnings of the present bitterness trace back to that terrible episode and the wars and annexations, some of them unjustifiable, of the twenty years preceding it. As an example of the gaps in Mr. Woolacott's argument, compare his explanation of the conspiracy of the Sikhs, "who had returned from America, where they had fallen under the influence of notorious seditionists," with Mr. Garratt's statement of a fact more immediately relevant: "They had been refused admittance by Canada, and considered, not unjustifiably, that they had been badly treated." His account of the Punjab troubles is full of omissions. He must have heard that much of the discontent was due to the people's belief that their Province's War response was largely an enforced one. This belief was shared by the British troops in Mesopotamia, who were in a position to know. So, when Mr. Woolacott pays glowing tribute to the work that missionaries have done for India, we can go along with him, and be glad that this is today winning recognition, after so much ignorant detraction. We must admit that the dishonesty of nationalist propaganda, the squabbling of Hindu and Moslem, the treatment of women and outcastes, and much else, now nauseatingly familiar to the West, are blots on India's claim to be held civilized that must make any sensitive Indian miserable. Nevertheless, "India on Trial" as a study of the political situation is neither complete nor fair.

Finis to a Diary

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it without interest to note that in discussing Scott's poetry, "John Taylor thought it of a mechanical nature, and Wordsworth illustrated this by saying it was like a machine made to amuse children which turns round seeming to unravel something but to which there is no end. He said that in some of Scott's descriptions where there is much action to be expressed as in battles, etc., Scott has shown energy." Against which may be set Byron's opinion of Wordsworth that "he was wrapt up in self approbation as a Poet and holding other Poets as beneath Him. On the contrary his Lordship held Southey and others in higher consideration."

One is interested to find, also, that, in the opinion of Farington's generation, Sir Philip Francis was the author of the letters of Junius. And—though one must not be tempted too far in quotation—it is not unfitting to note of contemporary opinion of the younger Pitt, that the Marquis of Abercorn not merely observed that "Mr. Pitt was the wisest Man he had ever known," but told a story of a ministerial meeting which he once attended that will bear repeating. It began, oddly enough to our sophisticated eyes, with the discussion of a passage in Tacitus which these ministers were trying to turn into acceptable English. They had not succeeded to their satisfaction when Pitt came in. "He took up the Book, and after reading the words He gave this translation, "It is of Eloquence as of Flame; it requires matter to feed it, agitation to excite it; and it brightens as it burns." On the other hand the hero of the Reform Bill, Lord Grey, comes off badly in these pages, as a man disposed "to talk upon subjects which He does not understand," with a mind not calculated to produce much influence by its superior judgment, and with a "disposition to cavil and object," though willing to acknowledge error, and "a most agreeable man in his domestic character."

But it is unnecessary, as it might be tedious, to go on. One must read Farington; for that is the only test of any book, especially, one might add, of a Diary. For a Diary is like a pudding; not merely that the test of it is in its consumption, but in that the tidbits are held, as it were, in suspension by the materials of which it is made, and one never knows from moment to moment just what choice morsel he is about to find. It is the real test of a great diarist to provide such fare that one is tempted continually to go on from page to page with pleasant anticipation of a treat—and this test Farington meets. So we part from him with regret.

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American Diplomacy

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by SAMUEL FLAGG BEMIS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 10 vols.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

PROFESSOR BEMIS'S series, now completed in the short space of only about two years, is an ambitious attempt to write biography in terms of history and interpret history in terms of biography. There are several reasons why such an attempt, however interesting because of its personal appeal, can never be altogether successful. To begin with, the men who fill an important public office over a long period of years are certain to differ greatly in importance; and biography, no matter how judiciously it may be handled, always tends to magnify a person's significance in the life of his time. The forty-four Secretaries of State, from Jefferson to Hughes, with whom this series deals (there are actually forty-six sketches, since Webster and Blaine held the office twice and their periods of service are separately recorded) represent a wide range of ability and importance. Abel P. Upshur, for example, held office for only a few months, Jeremiah S. Black for only a few weeks, and Elihu B. Washburne for a bare six days. Neither of these men, as Secretary, left the least impression upon the history of the United States, but the necessary inclusion of their names in a series of official biographies serves to give them an adventitious distinction.

Foreign policy, again, much more than domestic policy, has continuity. Its larger issues run on, often for years, overlapping presidential administrations and party changes, appearing, receding, emerging again, and developing, all with small regard to the individuals who have to attend to them. Foreign secretaries everywhere come and go, each busying himself with a variety of tasks, some small, some great, often merely routiné, but about all that any one in the long line may hope to accomplish is to finish a scene, or possibly an act, in a seemingly endless play. Serial biography, like the moving picture, offers a succession of views of what is really a continuous story, and while it must be said that Professor Bemis and his associates have succeeded remarkably well in avoiding overlapping and repetition, the net effect of these volumes is nevertheless scrappy. The complete record of Latin-American relations (to take only one illustration) is to be found only by searching the indexes of several volumes, for Latin-America was a problem which each Secretary of State, from Monroe's time, inherited from his predecessor and passed on to the next incumbent.

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Bearing in mind such inherent limitations of the plan, the very considerable task which the writers of this series have set for themselves has been, on the whole, commendably done. Most of the authors appear to have made a fresh examination of the authorities, and the files of the Department of State, together with the manuscript collections of the Library of Congress, have made it possible to include in some of the biographies substantial additions to former knowledge. The sketch of William L. Marcy, Pierce's Secretary of State, is a notable example of fresh research, and that of Hamilton Fish is pronounced by Professor Bemis "the first serious study" of that official's diplomatic career.

Looking back over the long period which these volumes cover, it is clear that American isolation from Europe operated, for nearly a century, to simplify the diplomatic situations with which the Department of State was concerned. In comparison with most European countries the path of the United States, while obviously of much moment to itself, was relatively straight and plain. There was less of ancient history to he regarded, and fewer national rivalries or possible political alliances had to be kept in mind. It was fortunate, all things considered, that the complications were as slight as they were, for, with the exception of Jefferson and John Quincy Adams, the secretaries were few indeed who had had any direct training for their work, and most of them had had nothing properly to be called training at all.

Moreover, the tradition that the office of Secretary of State was a step toward the presidency, while it weakened a good deal after Jackson's time, had the natural effect of mixing domestic and foreign policies where it would have been better if the two had been kept apart. The disagreeably assertive way of doing things that came to be known as "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" has more illustrations after 1881 than before, although Jackson's method of dealing with the French debt and Webster's famous Hülsemann letter were unconventional enough to have delighted a Roosevelt; but the interest of American diplomacy down to the Spanish-American war is nevertheless primarily that which inheres in the forceful policy of a young nation that knows pretty well what it wants, and is firmly bent upon getting it.

After 1898 there was a change. Not only had the United States become a world Power, but it also began to think and speak of itself as such. Its interventions had wider bearings, its isthmian canal policy was couched in terms of world responsibility as well as of national interest, and it talked of peace and arbitration as matters in which it aspired to lead all mankind. The World War was at once a culmination and a point of departure, and although isolation continued to receive homage as a kind of consecrated tradition, and there was much washing of hands in public when international coöperation was mentioned, it was clear enough, to those who looked at the substance rather than the shadow of things, that the old order had passed and a new orientation had appeared.

It might have been expected that this evolution toward a more important place in world affairs would have been accompanied by greater care in the selection of the men upon whom the immediate direction of diplomatic business was devolved. The nature of the American government seems not to have favored this change. Professor Bemis's series fails to disclose any very fundamental difference between the Secretaries of State of one period and those of another. Politicians most of them were when they were appointed, and politicians most of them remained. Far the larger number have been lawyers, notwithstanding that the law affords no preëminent training for diplomacy, and is likely to be, if the diplomatist is an eminent practitioner, a positive disadvantage. Some of the secretaries, like Gresham, have been obvious misfits; some, like Bryan, have essayed to combine idealism with a close attention to their own political chances; some, like Olney, have radiated a repellent personality; some, like Lansing, have been eclipsed by presidential domination. With such have gone, it is gratifying to remember, men of real ability and high aims: Seward, Blaine in a way, John Hay, Foster, Charles E. Hughes. It is about what one should expect in any cross-section of official democracy. The general level, if lower than that of Great Britain, has been at least as high as that of France, and distinctly higher morally than that of imperial Germany or Russia.

It is to be regretted that Professor Bemis's series, packed as it is with the fruits of sound scholarship, should not have brought out more clearly the political influences that have made the office of Secretary of State what it is. After all has been told that can be told of the things that the various secretaries have done (and these volumes leave little to be desired in that respect), one would still like to know more about the considerations that determined their appointments, the political pressures that affected their acts, and how much of the credit that is ascribed to them was really due to the presidents whom they served. Perhaps it was not possible, in a series of biographies such as this, to give as much space as the writers themselves might have wished to such subjects as the growth of presidential autocracy, the influence of Congress and especially of the Senate, or the force of public opinion and partisan exigency, in holding or staying a secretary's hands, but it is precisely these things, of course, that the office itself reflects. No one, surely, can read these ten volumes without learning a great deal about American international relations, but there is a history of the office still to be written.

"There has recently been discovered a very rich Turko-Arabic vocabulary, dating from the end of the eleventh century of our era," says the London *Observer*. "The Diwan-i-Lughat-i-Turk of Mahmud Kashghari, admirably edited from a unique contemporary manuscript by a Turkish scholar, is one of the most valuable Turkish documents yet discovered, for it contains a complete list of all the current names and words in use during the epoch of the Great Seljuks, with correct pronunciation."

Present Day Religion

BEYOND AGNOSTICISM. By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by VON OGDEN VOGT

WHO will depict the tortures of an age in danger of losing its church? I do not say its faith. That is fast going. But to some it is a greater tragedy to lose an institution than to lose an idea. This is a feeling brought to sharper consciousness by the brilliant volume of Warden Bell. One might almost say that he does not so much defend the church for the sake of the faith as the faith for the sake of the church. Though the author would probably disclaim this, I should be inclined rather to applaud if he claimed it. Or perhaps more accurately, it would be admirable to defend the abiding necessity for religious rites however many philosophies come and go.

One begins to read with the hope that the author has presented some such thesis. And for a time so he seems to do. As against the dogmatisms of religion and science alike, he seeks to present an honest agnosticism. We do not and cannot know the ultimate Reality. It is unknowable to science as well as to religion. There are at the start many assertions of the values of science. "I have written with a full and glad recognition of the discoveries of modern science and with modern philosophy taken into account." These are followed with much valid criticism of the limitations of science. Science cannot explain personality nor set adequate goals for human endeavor. To know is not enough. Science cannot reveal the Ultimate. If not science, what then? Religious apprehension, the venture of faith into the unknown.

So far, good: so far, a genuine agnosticism. Thence, by wishful thinking, by rhetoric which betrays reason, and by ventures which are all too contrary to the whole mind of science, the work proceeds into two grievous errors. First, a complete separation of the comprehending and the apprehending modes of knowledge. This division a modern philosophy cannot accept. There is a truth known only to the seer, to the lover, or the partner, but that knowledge can be in part assisted, described, and tested by the reasonable processes of science. Scientific method must be accorded a far more thoroughgoing place in the judgments of religious philosophy than is here admitted. Secondly, the assumption of points at issue and the leaping of great gaps in the argument in order to postulate the whole framework of Christian orthodoxy. Dr. Bell wins our assent to a concept of religion as communion with Reality and then turns us away by his unwarrantable definitions of what that Reality is. The first part of this concept is precisely what our age needs but it will never follow him to his conclusions. We need a new view of religion as a relation to reality as a whole whatever its character be, we need great speculations concerning the unknown, but a religion that lies beyond a genuine agnosticism will make far less definitive postulates about it than those of historic orthodoxy.

Religiously the work is as faulty as it is philosophically. With much excellent matter respecting mystical worship, it makes no note of the mystical apprehensions of other religions or the fresh validities of our own, gives no account of the relation of worship to industrial ethics, and offers little guidance to a high religious enjoyment of a beautiful world. A religion beyond agnosticism will show us how to retain a church for these functions though we lose almost all the faith Dr. Bell proposes.

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André Gide

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES. By ANDRÉ GIDE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1929. $2.

Reviewed by ABEL CHEVALLEY

IN a delightful booklet called "Caractères," now as rare as a first Folio, André Gide once wrote: "Each new book of mine is a reaction against the mere *amateurs* of the one before. . . ." At the risk of betraying an inveterate amateurishness, I find Gide's last book, "The School for Wives," admirable as the one before, "The Counterfeiters," though entirely different. If this statement could possibly have a share in causing Gide's next "réaction," it is with a light heart that I would bear my tiny bit of responsibility.

The great success of "The School for Wives" is due partly to its reactive quality. "The Counterfeiters" was a triumph of intricacy, disconnection, and reconnection. "The School for Wives" is a marvel of simplicity and economy. In "The Counterfeiters," Gide had, as he told me, to gather his strength and take a fresh "élan" at every turn of the road. He constantly shifted his point of view. Or, rather, his characters led, and he followed. In the Diary of the counterfeiters, we have a full record of that mental hurdle race, inside a labyrinth.

"The School for Wives" is of a quite different type, perfect unity, classical continuity, two characters only, a man and his wife, both of them coherent and static, one single observer and recorder, the wife, one single record, the wife's diary, the style a miracle of directness and simplicity: not one "difficult" word in the whole volume.

It is as if Gide had wanted to convince the admirers of his "The Counterfeiters" that they admired its defects, not its merits, and that he was able to wield the simplest as well as the most complicated instruments of mental analysis.

The first part of Eveline's Diary in "The School for Wives" is written just before her marriage, the second twenty years after. The purity and gravity of her young love, the intensity of her devotion, are expressed in a liquid and transparent language. She is one of those cultivated, highly conscientious, and somewhat inartistic girls who unfold their intense and secret life in Gide's works. The sense of beauty which they radiate translates itself into their conduct, their way of being, not their manner of writing, painting, dressing, or singing. Eveline begins to discover the clay feet of her idol just before she gets married to the idealized fool who becomes her husband. Eveline's second diary, beginning after twenty years of marriage, when she is on the point of leaving her husband, contains pages which for candid emotion and sheer poignancy are unforgetable. Nothing can be more commonplace than Eveline's story of disillusion, despair, and sacrifice, nothing more exquisitely expressive and *nuancé* than the progress of her disenchantment, more pathetically concise than the end of the drama. The whole story is told in less than 16,000 words. Truly, all great art is omission.

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Some of Gide's recent books, "The Counterfeiters," for instance, and also "Lafcadio's Adventures," had led his admirers too far in their opinion on his real share in the government of modern noveldom, at least in France. Both books contain something like a tentative theory of the novel. Both are, to a certain extent, regarded as samples of a new conception of mental and effective activity and of a new manner of applying and displaying that view of life in the art of fiction. This is not the place to enter into details. But the character of pure gratuitousness is the supreme achievement of all human acts, and its culmination in Lafcadio's crime were not without tempting some amateurs into premature conclusions. Others may have hailed rather irrelevantly "The Counterfeiters" with its fold-upon-fold construction, circumvolutive progress, coiling rhythm and movements, brain-like texture, as a sort of round Japanese box of art and psychology, containing in the last of its concentric recesses the secret of Psyche and the truth of fiction. It was only a fiction of truth. "Each new book of mine is a reaction against the amateurs of my preceding work," says Gide in "Characters." And he adds: "That sort of round-about turn is to teach them that if they applaud me, it must be for the right reason. They must take each of my books for what it really is: a work of art."

Of art . . . but not of propaganda, even artistic. That aspect of Gide is too often neglected. You will find many others in the books of general information on the contemporary novel mentioned in my recent foreign letter to the *Saturday Review*, but none more important.

If you want to understand Gide, read Lalou's chapter on him (it is one of the best in his book) and Bernard Fay's sketch of his career. You will then realize the intense admiration he excites and the extraordinary power he wields. But if you want not only to understand, but also to "over-stand" him, to look at him from a point of vantage, he and he alone is able to supply you with the necessary platform. There is no help, no remedy. You must read his whole works. He is not definable in sections. He is too big, too great, too complex.

From one point of view, perhaps, he might be effectually schematized, that of comparative literature, and comparative psychology. But that is a subject which does not lend itself to generalizations, simplifications, current journalism. And this is a review, not a lecture.

In brief, let it be recorded that no estimation of the novel of our times can be attempted without first an estimation of the comparative share of Marcel Proust and André Gide in its development. And in brief, let it be remembered that Marcel Proust, indifferent to *morality* started from *mentality*, made immense discoveries, and died in his labyrinth at the moment he was issuing from it into the open world. Gide was born and remained a Moralist (though he wrote "Immiraliste"), traveled early to the world of pure and independent psychology, did not stay there, and has since returned to his tormented quest of an integral life.

Of these two men, the greater analyst was perhaps the narrower artist. Gide is more complete, a richer asset in the books of humanity.

A Villon in Small-Clothes

THE VIRTUE OF THIS JEST. By JAMES STUART MONTGOMERY. New York: Greenberg. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

FOR the innocent Victorians (of whom the gentle Austin Dobson must have been the last) the chief charm of the reign of George II lay in its flowered satins and flowery manners, its leisure and its letters, its dashing Jacobites and romantic highwaymen; the tougher minds of our avowedly hard-boiled era when they yearn, as in print they often do, for a return to classicism and the eighteenth century, think rather, with perhaps an equal if inverted romanticism, of hard polished wit and hard polished manners, of a vigorous realism in action and in fiction, of "no demn'd sentimental nonsense" about life, and a full blooded, if not infrequently foul-mouthed, relish of its grosser aspects. For both these tastes, assuming, and I think correctly, that the unashamed romanticist who wants a thumping, swashbuckling tale of love and loyalty and a little killing for his money still buys books, though the hard boiled cynical realist may write reviews, Mr. Montgomery has prepared a decoction compounded equally for low comedy and high intrigue.

Against the background of mid-eighteenth century London, and making a skilful use of the abundant literature of roguery and low life which the period offers, he sets a hero who schemes now for sixpences and now for a kingdom, and leads you unsuspecting from the mood of "Peregrine Pickle" and "The Life and Death of Jonathan Wilde the Great" to that of "Wha's for Bonnie Charlie" and a generous longing to strike one blow for the king over the water. Yet in his most full-blooded scenes of low life, the author, remembering the ladies, will roar you as gently as any sucking dove, and in the highest flights of his romantic fancy he does not forget to let you see that he has had his tongue in his cheek all the time.

At the outset, the adventures of Nicholas Swayne, Grub street hack and laureat of vagabondia, are pure picaresque. How his mother procured him a start in life, how he failed as a barber's apprentice and succeeded as a scout for a Fleet parson and a come-on man in an eighteenth century variant of the badger game, how he acquired a mistress, a large assortment of disreputable acquaintances, and a taste for the lower forms of literature,—all these things are related with a gusto that disguises their erudition, and garnished with tid-bits from the whole book shelf of roguery from Harman's "Caveat" and Greene's "Coney Catchers" to the "Newgate Calendar" and the writings of Justice Fielding. But before the reader can tire of such lively sociology, Nicholas, who has more of the poet in him than a mere talent for rhymes, tries his hand at politics, and passes from a Jacobite pamphleteer to the organizer of a conspiracy to seize, with an army of vagabonds, the City and the Tower, while Prince Charlie marches from Derby. The transition from the grotesque to high romance and thence to tragedy is skilfully managed; the end is surprising; the whole is as deftly written and amusing a literary entertainment as you are likely to meet among this year's books.

Evil and Black Magic

THE HALF PINT FLASK. By DUBOSE HEYWARD. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1929.

Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY

ASIDE from the remarkable economy of words and deft handling of subject matter, "The Half Pint Flask" has a Poe-like atmosphere of mystery and suspense that is quite impressive. The tale itself is little more than a simple incident: one which the undiscriminating craftsman might look upon as a commonplace happening of slight importance and of no great dramatic interest. But Mr. Heyward's subtle sense of values discerned its possibilities. Due to his fine understanding of the psychology of the primitive negroes of his section of the country, he has written a tale of unusual force and vitality.

In a simple, straightforward manner, without any unnecessary argument or rhetorical discussion not bearing on the main idea of the story, he shows the disastrous effect of conjuring on the consciousness of a white man who has taken a flask from a grave in a negro burying-ground. By their concentrated mental efforts, the outraged negroes, through their knowledge of the occult and ready practice of black magic, succeed in reducing the man to a state of abject terror and helplessness. The reader is strangely impressed by the startling reality of the power of evil and by the vivid way Mr. Heyward reveals the heathen characteristics of the uneducated negro, so naturally a part of his primitive soul.

No matter how devout the negro may be in his religious belief, superstition plays an important part in all matters of the spirit. The impulse that answers to the call of Christianity by day responds with the same willingness to the practice of sorcery by night. Witchcraft has been his natural right through centuries of African inheritance; and racial instincts do not pass away in several generations. Small wonder then, to see the credulous reader close the book, feeling that there may be a vestige of truth in this strange, exciting tale.

Stuart P. Sherman

(*Continued from page* 202)

a theory it had obvious inconsistencies. His teaching probably suffered from it: it was fine, but not (incredible as it seems) regarded as thrilling. His best, or, certainly, his most ripened energies, went into his writing, and this was addressed away from Illinois entirely, and carried no more democracy out of Urbana than he brought into it. He wrote for his old masters, for the institutions he attacked. He began in his middle period that public concern with what Americans were thinking and feeling and writing which set him apart from his fellow professors of English, yet it was what the new intellectuals, whose meeting place was New York, were about in their nefarious realisms that stirred him to criticism, and he lashed them with what he learned at Harvard, not with anything drawn from the soil of the Middle West.

It was a growing realization of maladjustment, I think, that brought him to New York. Why be an oracle of the cornbelt when the cornbelt did not concern him, did not enter into his thinking except as a symbol of protest, or into his life except as a place where one could live cheaply and in secure independence! Why write from Urbana when only the academic read him! Yet it was not to write for democracy that he gave up his job of teaching the democracy in Illinois to edit a literary review in New York, for the democracy do not read literary reviews, even when included in papers of hundreds of thousands in circulation. It is even doubtful whether as many people read Sherman when he took the editorship of *Books* of the New York *Herald Tribune* as in the *Atlantic Monthly* where he had been publishing pretty steadily. It is

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doubtful whether his actual readers were more than doubled or tripled over the clientèle of the old *Nation*, no one of whom willingly missed one of his written words. It was not quantity he sought, nor quality in the usual sense, it was a *different* audience, an audience still intellectual but no longer academic—most of all no longer specialized in teaching or literary scholarship, or class conscious in their cultivation. Obscurer instincts (for I do not find them clearly expressed) may have led him toward a city home and a metropolitan audience as a response to the new city consciousness of American culture. He had gone to Urbana as Emerson had gone to Concord; he came out, as Emerson might well have done also, following the line of new energies leading toward cosmopolitan, half alien New York.

Unfortunately this change—so good and so inevitable for the Emersonian scholar—carried obligations with it that Sherman may have foreseen but scarcely could have estimated. He had got clear at last of that reverence for his masters which is an academic vice as well as a human virtue, and was particularly difficult for him to escape because they, for him, were not merely knowledge personified, but the classic restraint, the ideal of intellectual control, which he as a romantic had to acquire before he could be strong as a critic and with his own strength. He broke with his allies over the question of the end (not the nature) of culture, almost at the moment of his decision. Emerson won him utterly from Harvard at last.

* * *

Yet one does not submit to twenty-five years of academic duty, nor live for the same period in a small town in an agricultural university, without penalties as well as compensations. Literature, for Sherman, was alive or it was nothing. His strong moral bent, far from limiting his sympathies as his "anti-puritan" enemies believed, had made him carry his study of standard literature far beyond its esthetic values into the complex of life of which it had once been a part. But in strictly contemporary literature he was often estopped. It was not that his judgments upon it were wrong. I think that he was sometimes more right in Urbana than when he came to New York. Yet criticism—whether sympathetic or unsympathetic—no matter how right in principle, must be familiar with the texture of life behind, or be only abstractly useful in handling contemporary literature. And there were difficulties in Sherman's approach to contemporary life. For the study of Ford or Collins or Wordsworth or Arnold he was well and painfully equipped to discover the historical mind or mood or circumstance which determined the quality of excellence, and better equipped than most of his colleagues to relate the literature of the past to the life of the present. But in his own day and circumstance Sherman was handicapped. He had lived a scholar's life. The new American literature toward which his interest was increasingly drawn was not scholar's literature. On the contrary, it was prevailingly a literature of a new megalopolitan society, industrialized, in part alien, and apparently quite foreign to the American tradition. Its faults were obvious to a competent critic, and he could satirize them ruthlessly—but what it meant, where it was going—these books of Dreiser, Anderson, Cather; poems of Masters, Frost, and Lindsay—such questions forced upon the conscientious scholar the same knowledge not only of text but of sources and influences that he had labored for in his study of writing already historical. These sources and influences were largely outside of Urbana, largely outside of his personal experience, and the authors were less known to him than Arnold and Emerson, Shakespeare and Wordsworth. His ideals of scholarship required of him a new and difficult preparation, this time a preparation not all to be made in books. He realized that any literature must be interpreted with danger, and preached with uncertainty to living minds, by those who themselves are ignorant or disdainful of the cells in which the new blood is flowing. And so Sherman girded up his loins to acquire a new scholarship, in order that he might make the use he longed to make of his laborious study of the past. When he said in response to inquiries as to why he was going, this is what he meant by his ironic "New York needs me" by way of reply.

He came to New York, therefore, neither to escape the "democracy" of the West, nor to encounter the "democracy" of journalism, but rather, as a student, to establish living contacts with contemporary literature and with men and women and the typical life from which the new books were springing. As a critic and writer he came in order to reach a wider and more various range of adult minds.

He softened, he humanized, his scope increased, his depths seemed to shallow. The essays he wrote for *Books* are of an extraordinarily high level of excellence. No one of them, I think, equals the best of his earlier work. What is more important, they are different. They are better described as appreciations, interpretations, than as criticisms. They represent a first-class mind at work upon the study of his contemporaries. Only where he writes of the past do the conclusions seem clean-cut and final, the philosophy of criticism sure.

* * *

It was an undertaking as arduous as it was creditable in a man already gone into the mid-forties. The pace he set for himself was too swift. The tension of writing, always once, and sometimes twice, a week, with the preparation he thought requisite, was too great. It cut him off from contacts in New York which might have shortened his time of adjustment. It forced the use of critical opinion left over from his earlier phases which did not belong in what was essentially a period of study. If he could have followed the practice of canny professors who ask for an immediate sabbatical as part of the inducement to take on a new job, the results might have been different. But with no real rest as a preparation for what was to prove a mighty task, he plunged into the business of weekly journalism. A tremendous worker, so that the mere record of his labor for three decades appals or depresses the student or writer who reads these volumes, Sherman tried to study the active world as he had studied the passive world of the past, and report upon it professionally in essays any one of which would have exhausted the scholarship of an ordinary man's month. It killed him. If he had not drowned from heart failure, he would have presumably died suddenly in his bed or at his desk. It killed him, but it was really the magnificent effort of thirty years to make himself worthy of an Emersonian task that was responsible for his lamentable death. He had fought out his energies getting ready for his greatest battle, used, with a scholar's conscience, his last vitality in storing and clearing his mind so that when the moment came for final synthesis he should be ready.

I think that he was nearly ready when he died. I think that Sherman's best decade was ahead of him. Wherever and however that decade might have been spent, he was equipped as no other mind in America was equipped to be the scholar as Emerson defined him—

> He is to find consolation in exercising the highest function of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations, and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. . . . He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever into barbarism. . . . The study of letters shall no longer be a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence.

* * *

If these passages ring too loud as is the way of Emerson out of his context, and are a bit rhetorical for the lean, ironic scholar with the romantic's soul that we knew, they are just and applicable nevertheless.

He died in a great cause, but nevertheless self-defeated. For his own welfare he put off too long that search for happiness and a personal philosophy of which he writes so poignantly in his journal and letters in the last year. He had lived, or tried to live, in two worlds, that was the trouble, and for twenty-five years he had been at odds with both. Circumstance and his New England heritage placed him in the academic society, a society still Federal and aristocratic in its ideals, and now Germanic in its insistence upon scientific ends. There he was perforce radical and caustic, but at heavy costs to himself, since his rôle of crusader kept him on the periphery of university action and away from personal contact with the traffickers in university thought. And yet his fiery rage against the evils of academic institutionalism, plus his strenuous duties as a teacher and administrator, and his still more strenuous labors as a scholar, kept him for twenty years away from that other and broader society where the spirit of the adults whom he had taught in their youth was undergoing such rapid and such violent changes. There (Emersonian that he was) he longed to be. To that audience he longed to speak direct, but must first conclude his private wars, sharpen his weapons until they could prevail, and know his own mind, both as scholar and as American, both as critic and philosopher.

I say that he was self-defeated because it is clear also that he never won through to the solid footholds of the men with whom he certainly ranked himself. He did not reach the steady insistence upon doctrine of a Babbitt, the philosophic consistency of a More, the complete articulateness of that real conservative, H. L. Mencken, chiefly because he was more ambitious than any of them and set his goal higher. Nor did he ever attain that suavity of literary style which reflects the serene balance of a Montaigne, an Emerson, or a Goethe. His letters are better reading than his essays, which to the end betray the 'nineties (his youth) in their too careful phrasing, and succeed not as wholes but by brilliant flashes of perception and critical *aperçus* not to be forgotten. I do not say that he was defeated in his achievements, and I do not believe it. Nevertheless, I regard Stuart Sherman as more than the fine critic, the influential teacher, the redoubtable antagonist which he certainly was. I regard him as a great man who lacked only a parasang or two of the journey to reach his height.

* * *

As it was, his writing will be assimilated into the minds of his generation and be more valuable in its metabolism than in its own texture. As a critique on academicism, as a defense of the true democracy of culture, his ideas are explicit enough, but as a critical philosophy they had only half emerged, were only half articulate, and must live on in other men. Instinctive and just as were his sympathies with the modern spirit, he never made the generalization which would have given unity to his whole career, and explained his long confusion of friends and foes. Among all the philosophies he wrestled with there is little mention of the philosophy of science, and it was never made clear to him that the mechanistic materialism which, from the safe haven of Urbana, he attacked in Dreiser and the realists, had a true relation to the faith in fact and measurement upon which the academic scholarship he attacked so bitterly ultimately rested. He fought the pedants with their own weapons, but when he turned to the extra-mural world he encountered this same materialism, now vital and productive because it inspired the most vigorous energies of an epoch. Against its living strength, the abstract humanism of More and Babbitt seemed of no avail, and so at last he broke with them; broke also with his own earlier dogmatisms, where in fine wrath he had opposed order to disorder, as if the naughty child of modernism could be reformed by an hour with Milton and Aristotle. Studying the child, he began to love it; saw that it had idealisms of its own, found its materialism more engaging than the professors', realized that every generation makes its amendments to the eternal laws, and that often the amendments are as essential to a true understanding as the laws. But he was confused at the end by the contradictions of modernism as he had been confused at the beginning by the obstinacy of scholarship in defeating its own true ends of culture. There are indications in his last letters and journals that he was coming at last to understand the nature of that pseudo-science which made materialists of a whole generation. But there was no time, no reserves of strength left. He died just short of synthesis.

* * *

He was the last banner bearer of that romantic American idealism which looked beyond the Alleghenies toward a new world in the Middle West. No one will try that again! He was a dramatic figure in the difficult transition from the old confident Emersonism that took so much for granted, to the future of an industrialized country which will have to build a new idealism on a disillusioning past. The next leader of his persuasion will be urban, scientific, realistic (though not a materialist) and will speak for an America that Sherman, like the rest of us, was just beginning to comprehend. He will not leave Concord too late, for he will never live in Concord, and that will be his loss, but a gain for the better understanding of an age where a philosopher can no longer afford to neglect what is happening beyond his navel. And yet in essentials he must stand where Sherman stood or something that seems to us indispensable for the good life will have died in the American tradition. We shall have become the merely busy animals that today we often seem.

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Human Culture

ARE WE CIVILIZED? HUMAN CULTURE IN PERSPECTIVE. By ROBERT H. LOWIE New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

MODERN superstitions are as hard to dislodge as were those of older days. Dogmas are impervious to reason and stand forth in the face of contradictory experience. Anthropological evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, it is still commonly assumed that "savages" are improvident, that necessity is the mother of invention, that economic factors have it all their way in the history of culture, that the white race is more gifted than its colored rivals and the Nordic than the Alpine and Mediterranean, that "progress" is largely the achievement of modern man, that religion is the arch-enemy of enlightenment, and science incompatible with prejudice. These are some of the current superstitions Professor Lowie has set out to combat.

To achieve his purpose the California anthropologist has chosen the method of factual exposition. Facts may not speak for themselves, but when marshalled by the hand of an expert, they may be made to speak loud enough, and if the expert is also honest, their voice may prove to be that of truth itself.

Is culture a function of race? how then explain the "striking oscillations in British culture"? "Did the Elizabethans carry in their sex cells an extra dose of animal spirits that was blighted by a charge of gloom under Puritanism but revived by the Restoration? And what of Japan? There was no sudden influx of a new stock in 1867; there was a sudden change in culture because new *ideas* were allowed to enter. Neither geography nor heredity explains the difference between old and new conditions. The key is held solely by history."

Is European culture responsible for our food supply? Well, "after cutting out the American tomatoes, potatoes, beans, corn bread, pineapples, and chocolate, and the coffee that is native to Africa; the Chinese tea; the rice and sugar from India—what remains of our meal? Veal, wheat, rye, and milk. Of these, rye did not enter Europe until about the time of Christ. The rest are indeed very old there, but they are not natives. One and all they go back to the near Orient; there cereals were first sown, cattle first reared, and cows first milked. *Western Europe does not deserve credit for originating a single item.*"

* * *

Talk about refinements of food etiquette! It is true that savages and ancients often act disgustingly in such matters, but then again we must consider that "every one until about 1550 drank from a common glass. Over a hundred years later there was a lady in polite society, who regularly served with her ten fingers. Another, in 1695, thought nothing of ladling out sauce for a guest with a spoon that came 'fresh from her fair lips.'"

Economic determination? Man subjugating animals to fill an economic need? True enough, in some cases, but not in others. "Primitive man began to keep animals not with an eye to profit, but for the uneconomic though quite human reason that he jolly well liked to have them about as companions and for entertainment. To this day South American tribes coddle parrots, cage birds of prey, and hang lizards by the side of their hammocks. In one village storks and ostriches stalk about as the children's playmates; in another there is a little menagerie of fawns, turtle, and mice. Yet none of these animals serves the slightest practical purpose."

The ways of culture are devious; at times it "slinks in by the back stairs," as in the case of rye which first entered Europe as a useless weed, but was cultivated together with wheat in the mountainous districts of Persia, for there its remarkable resistance to cold had been discovered.

Persistently man, primitive or modern, refuses to learn from experience. As an example, a page from the history of Housing.

> In Denmark, town-dwellers had begun putting up stone walls as early as 1500. However, with grim tenacity, they clung to the roof-thatching of rural days. Accordingly, their houses were no safer than the wooden structures of Sweden and Norway. Naturally, conflagration followed conflagration. Everyone knew that in all probability his native town would be destroyed at least once during his lifetime. In fact, Aarhus was burnt down twice between 1540 and 1550; and Bergen suffered the same fate in 1561, 1582, and 1589. Within a space of sixty years, thirty-six towns were thus destroyed in Scandinavia—some of them more than once.

Man wearing clothes to keep out the cold? Yes, the Eskimos do, but not the Tierra del Fuegians, who go about naked and freezing—but not to death. Nor has modesty anything to do with it, for modesty is rooted in convention.

> An Austrian lady of the Victorian era has been known to boast that, though she had borne her husband eight children, he had never seen her breasts. The very Brazilian woman who unconcernedly stalked past Nordenskiöld in complete nakedness blushed violently when he bought the plug from her nose, and at once dashed off in search for a substitute.

"Man is a peacock." In order to be beautiful, one must suffer.

> Under Marie Antoinette French ladies wore headdresses so high that a short woman's chin was exactly midway between her toes and her crest. . . . Ladies of the court knelt on the floor of a carriage, thrusting their heads out of the window. . . . The heavily powdered and padded pyramids worn on the head came to teem with vermin. Discomfort was intense, but West European genius did not abolish the fashion. Instead it invented an ivory-hooked rod and made it good taste to jab at the itching spots with it.

There are illuminating pages illustrating some primitive crafts when at their height. For example, the making of bark cloth in the South Seas and felting as practiced in Central Asia. The fascinating story of glass and its later application to pottery as glazing is told succinctly but suggestively, with a concluding slam at Western pride:

> In 1607 the French Dauphin took his broth in a china bowl, but only kings and lords could afford such luxury. At least as early as 1518 European potters and alchemists tried to duplicate the Chinese invention. Many of them pretended to succeed, but not one of them ever did. The King of Saxony came to take interest in the matter, and at last, about 1710, true chinaware was produced in Meissen and marketed in 1713. That is to say, with samples of Chinese ware before him, with all the advantages of Western technology and royal patronage, it took the Caucasian craftsmen a couple of centuries to catch up with the benighted Mongoloid.

It is all very well to speak of progress in means of transportation but it must not be forgotten that before the inception of the most recent advances—which, to be sure, are spectacular—no signal forward step was made for many centuries:

> As soon as a tribe had once put some animal before a cart, it was as well off in point of transportation as any North European in 1800 A.D. An Englishman of that period enjoyed no advantages over an Egyptian of 1700 B.C. who had just got horses to draw his chariots. For several thousand years humanity accomplished next to nothing.

The family and state, education, art, religion, medicine, and science are treated in the same concrete and telling fashion. Even the scientist, we are told, has much to learn, his expert's knowledge apart, to become truly civilized; "science has made advances; the scientist is still a primitive man in his psychology."

That Dr. Lowie should take "progress" with a grain of salt, is to be expected:

> Posterity learns to chip a stone knife and to chop off a finger joint with it in mourning or prayer. Firearms shoot down game and human beings. Rulers elaborate law for larger states and devise torture chambers. Biologists study heredity and try to tinker with human beings.

The book is simply written. The sentences are direct and brief, somewhat deliberately so. There are no technicalities, as the author himself writes in the preface, but there are some unnecessary flippancies. In all of its major features however, the book is not only solid but also dignified. While no "civilized" person (least of all, Dr. Lowie himself) will expect it to speed up the wheels of progress, it will bring pleasure to many and instruction to a few.

According to the Norwegian correspondent of an English paper Knut Hamsun lived up to his reputation as a hater of publicity when he celebrated his seventieth birthday recently. "To be correct," says the correspondent, "everybody except Knut Hamsun himself celebrated the day. All newspapers were filled with portraits of him, of his wife, of his children, and of all the houses in which he had lived. Literary clubs and institutions gave receptions and sent solemn letters of congratulation to him. And his publisher printed several biographical volumes and a collection of his works. Only one person was seen nowhere. Knut Hamsun had hired a car and gone to Mandal, a small coastal village. Here, among humble folks, who did not know him, Knut Hamsun enjoyed his birthday."

An American Mystery

BITTER BIERCE, A Mystery of American Letters. By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. $2.50.

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE BIERCE. By ADOLPHE DE CASTRO. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN

IN 1893 Bierce, at the age of fifty-one and in the plenitude of a remarkable literary dictatorship of the Pacific coast, published "Can Such Things Be?," the volume of his short stories that mark the perfection of his style and technique. Three years later he came east and settled in Washington where he continued his potboiling for William Randolph Hearst. The publication of his "Collected Works" in twelve volumes (1909-1912) demonstrated the complete collapse of critical faculties that had never been conspicuously vigorous. Having succumbed to a *Weltschmerz* that had long been growing upon him he wrote a few friends in September 1913 asking them "to try and forgive my obstinacy in not 'perishing' where I am . . . good-bye—if you hear of my being stood up against a Mexican stone wall and shot to rags please know that I think it a pretty good way to depart this life. It beats old age, disease, or falling down the cellar stairs. To be a Gringo in Mexico—ah, that is euthanasia."

Many and weird are the stories that have come out of Mexico to explain his end, but all agree that he at last found the "good, kind darkness" that he sought. In his death, as in his life, he deliberately and assiduously cultivated mystification and obscurity. His asthma, which friends understood he acquired by sleeping in a graveyard, compelled him to live in high altitudes; and from his retreat on Howell Mountain he scattered vitriol on the fools and rogues of San Francisco. There he dwelt, remote and ineffable, in a cloud of glory: pen in one hand; in the other, a sheaf of thunderbolts. Surely this was a fascinating figure for a biography; and the unpublished letters and manuscripts, the reminiscenses of friends were splendid opportunities for the biographer. Mr. Vincent Starrett in 1920 published a brief and sympathetic monograph; there have been scattered essays and articles, but these volumes of Mr. Grattan and Mr. de Castro are the first detailed studies of Bierce that have been published.

* * *

Mr. Grattan is not without reputation as a promising young critic and his biographical and critical study of Bierce has been commended in the press, especially by Mr. Hansen of the *World*. It is therefore surprising to learn that he not only fails to use the rich and available sources of Bierce materials, but denies their existence or accessibility; it is upon his "Collected Works," his "Letters" (all written after he was fifty), and a few magazine articles that he has turned a mildly critical eye. He early laments that Bierce does not mention the writers and thinkers to whom he was indebted and, in the absence of these tags which he might conveniently collect, Mr. Grattan has been modest and has "chosen not to guess too frequently." Despite this modesty there has been considerable and disastrous guesswork. He states that when Bierce went to London in 1872 "he was undoubtedly seeking to obliterate the memory of his marital unhappiness" and around this fact does much theorizing, little suspecting that Bierce really went to London on his honeymoon and that he was happily married for some years following. An idea of the composition and the accuracy of "Bitter Bierce" is obtained from his treatment of Bierce and the editorship of *The Lantern*. The Empress Eugénie, then in exile in England, employed Bierce to edit the two issues of *The Lantern*, a periodical designed to prevent a renewal of the attacks upon her by Henri Rochefort and his *Lanterne*. To this affair Mr. Grattan devotes about seven and one-half pages. Of these, two pages are epigrammatic quotation from Philip Guedalla; two are quotation from *The Lantern;* two and one-half are quotation from Bierce; the remaining half page is a paraphrase of several writers which tells us how Rochefort gave up the unequal struggle and fled. But had the author troubled to consult Henri Rochefort's "Adventures de Ma Vie" or the contemporary London periodicals he would have learned that Rochefort remained in London, published at least twenty-nine numbers of *La Lanterne*, and that he seems never to have heard of Ambrose Bierce.

While Mr. Grattan realizes that there is some

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doubt concerning the authorship of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" he does nothing to clear the matter up. In the numerous pages that he devotes to a discussion of the story he gives Bierce abundant praise for his clear perception of the sexual-psychological conflict upon which the plot is based. In this he follows others who have written of Bierce. But does not literary scholarship demand something more than a begging of the question and a description of the story? The author seems not to know Richard Voss's "Der Mönch von Berchtesgaden," the German source of Danziger's English translation which Bierce revised. A comparison would have revealed that the most significant passages of Bierce's version are merely literal translations from the German. To Bierce belongs the credit for the splendid editing and revising of a poor translation, but little more than this. After "careful study of Bierce" the author borrows a page from Van Wyck Brooks and concludes that Bierce was frustrated by his parish and his time; that he was "made" by his parish and his time could be more easily demonstrated. "Bitter Bierce" abounds in errors, both of fact and of interpretation; it accepts without questions the old myths about Bierce and adds new ones. Its scholarship is shoddy; construction, clumsy; and style, impoverished: it is incompetent.

Adolphe de Castro, the author of the "Portrait of Ambrose Bierce," is the G. A. Danziger who collaborated on the "Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" and who was for years a friend of Bierce in California. The adulatory note of his volume is sounded in the extravagant introduction contributed by Belknap Long. "Brave St. Ambrose," Mr. de Castro cries in ecstacy, "a god of the elder world fallen by mischance among men." And the reader will quickly understand that the author speaks of no mere mortal when he says that Bierce was born in Meiggs County in southeastern Ohio and in Akron in Northern Ohio (pp. 3, 4, 347). And in the pages of this book we learn that Bierce's lyric poems (had they not been destroyed) would have established him as a poet "no less great than Heine"; that "he could have done the work of any of the nineteenth century poets"; and that "Bierce, knowing all that Horace, Juvenal, and Swift knew in addition to the experience gathered since then, was naturally their superior." De Castro states that Bierce compares favorably with Lincoln, Garfield, Apollo, the Chevalier Bayard, Lord Bacon, Napoleon, Cervantes, and Disraeli. We realize anew, when we have checked the twentieth factual error in the volume, that the gods were never circumscribed by mortal facts, nor is Mr. de Castro.

Yet despite its verbosity, sentimental drivel, and numerous inaccuracies Mr. de Castro's book has an undeniable value. He reproduces the atmosphere and incidents of early years in California, he relates conversations with Bierce, and while publishing many of Bierce's letters also makes available materials that have been buried obscurely in the files of western periodicals. But Mr. de Castro cannot stop at a single portrait, he must do a gallery. Among the most striking of these is the canvas of himself. Whether he pictures himself conversing with senators in the Blue Room of the White House, mauling ruffians in Hacquette's Crystal Palace Saloon in San Francisco, or playing leapfrog with Commodore Dewey his strokes are certain, vivid, and interesting. But if he can allow himself to describe his activities at teas that he never attended it is hardly possible to determine from his own book the exact nature of his relations with Bierce. Certain it is that those relations were sometimes intimate, often peculiar, and, when Bierce shattered a cane over Danziger's head, violent. The further publication of Bierce's letters will do much to dissipate this uncertainty. The definitive biography of Bierce remains to be written; and to that volume Mr. Grattan has contributed materials for a lengthy paragraph; Mr. de Castro, a chapter.

An inquiry into the books bought for the German Reichswehr whose literary budget amounts to ten thousand pounds a year is interesting. The sum includes magazines and newspapers. Although no veto has been pronounced in Germany, as in Austria, against the private purchase of "All Quiet on the Western Front," the book has not been bought for the German Army. There is a preference shown for military memoirs and the works of tried and proven authors who were popular favorites before the war. Rudolf Herzog, Rudolf Straatz, Heinz Skrownek, and Clara Viebig are among them, good narrators whose tales are non-controversial.

Once and for All*

THERE is, I imagine, no defence of anthologies. I do not propose to erect one. I dislike the very word. In the Greek it means a gathering of flowers, which is very pretty. But I distrust the Greek. *Timeo Danaos et dona fermentes,* as the New Soak would put it. An anthology today is often compiled to show what the younger poets and their accomplices are doing. It is rarely a gathering of flowers, such as "Fifty Nasturtiums You Want to Know." It is an index, rather, to tendencies and form. I object to form when it is self-conscious, and tendencies are never of any value until acceptance has hardened them. Jules Lemaître has said somewhere: "One of those abominable books called anthologies."

The only anthology of the slightest use whatever is the kind we carry about in our heads. Here everything is good, or at least we think it is. You can't tell me that most of our contemporary collections are full of things that somebody, excepting the author, has liked. The thought is too dismal. They are not even full of things that one is expected to like. They contain chiefly examples, disturbances, spectra, indications, suggestions, verves, lacunæ, aberrations, fids, and dottle. There are not often many genuine poems, if poetry is legal tender; and not often much good prose, if prose is the article enjoined. A handful of sand is a fair anthology of the universe, and the streets of Singapore, I am told, invite consideration of the smells of the world. Yet the sand is too complete, and the odors are nauseating. Is it violent to say that nothing can be enjoyed which is outside the experience of enjoyment? If it is not, then we may safely argue that the speciousness of anthologies is in fair proportion to the wilfully unenjoyable stuff which they promote.

One should not attempt, architecturally, to *construct* an anthology of anything. You can't do it. The labor will certainly show. There has been cheating. All the important things appear too important, and the indifferent stick out like so many sore thumbs. But consider any one of the anthologies in your head. There is no sham in this. It remains, after all, a catalogue of what you like. And at least it is something honest. If other people don't like it—well, they can read detective stories. They may even say you are an ass, and perhaps you are. But they can't honestly say you are dishonest.

It is therefore with a clear conscience that we could subscribe to the things in such a book. Neither you nor I went hunting for them. Let us put aside the thought that anyone might consider them winnowed. We had read them, merely, at some period of our life and liked them. They were (they still are) in the private drawer of the mind, though—like all things in private drawers—a trifle faded. We have often brought them to light. Sometimes, when conversation was dull, we used to say (we still could): "Do you know a good thing about fish that Holbrook Jackson once wrote?" But perhaps our friend doesn't care for fish. Or we might say: "We prefer 'No. 2. The Pines' to all that has ever been written on Swinburne." Or we might say any of a dozen other interesting things. We shouldn't have to any more, if they were all in a book.

I have sometimes considered a collection of light essays. One should qualify that. What is the light essay? I cannot tell you. It has been degraded by some into signifying the smallclothes of literature. This is an insult. It is more than that. There are light essays so profound that one trembles at what they suggest. I would not intimidate you. I have never yet known a light essay to injure anyone. Indeed, they are normally read for pleasure. But the form is hard. The form may worry you. Almost any prose which has no other convenient name is a light essay. The French-Canadian roadsign that said "Undividual Cabins" was, of course, a light essay in itself. Dialogues and conversations, like those of Mr. Milne, are much too something to be stories and not something enough to be classified by themselves. They are therefore light essays. Mr. Herbert's telephone conversations are neither treatises nor of economic value. They are therefore light essays. "The Voyage of the Mona," a Tomlinsonian relic of "Old Junk," is a light essay by virtue of its point of view and not because of the volume which contained it. "On Nothing" might be just a letter addressed to Maurice Baring, but it happens also to be an admirable example of the essay in the Belloc tradition. Given enough time, I could even invent an excuse for the presence of Mr. Pearson's "The Lost First Folio." But I am making things hard. The author of "Dreamthorp" understood. In defining the essayist, he alluded deftly to our theme. "You walk through the whole nature of him," he said, "as you walk through the streets of Pompeii, looking into the interior of stately mansions, reading the satirical scribblings on the walls." *Scribblings* is the word; but of a noble order, like the strumming to which Kenneth Grahame referred.

Were it ever compiled, I should need forgiveness for latitude in the noncomformity of all my seriatims. In England you would call some of them sketches. Sketches, however, lead to notes, and notes to memorabilia, and memorabilia to *curiosa* and *facetiæ*, and then we are well out of our depth. Once and for all, I should look upon it as a nest of the many-colored eggs of a single family; and if, in your unreason, a cowbird were thought to have laid in it, I alone should suffer the blame. No one has startled me into the belief that such a collection is a good idea. You may take it for granted that most of the authors and publishers involved would be apathetic about it. The latter usually have their price, and none of the former would write to say "You have done a great service in bringing us all together."

I should not venture far out of the century; and then only twice into the very late 'nineties, certainly not the gayest years. Many of the essays I should include have been written since the War. That would leave a modern flavor. You would find omissions, of course; but, as I have said before, an anthology which pretends to be agreeable cannot afford to be comprehensive. I should call it a triumph of heart over mind, yet I do not imagine it would be posted with the Gideons. I cannot, I would not, hope that my favorites were your favorites. Certain logical contenders I should intentionally exclude. A maker must have his reasons. To go back to Jerome, for example, would be tapping the sources. You may be sure Mr. Squire had some large intent when he omitted from "Apes and Parrots," with a second-rate substitution, his own Spoon River Elegy and one of the brightest parodies in the language. We are all very weak in so many different ways.

There is one thing more. American and British humor are not always vastly different. Several things of my inclusion would display no stamp of nationality. And ultimate laughter, of which Max Beerbohm has said nobody ever died, is more miscegentic than man. Here again, as we figure the notion of laughter, we must concede that the light essay and the humorous are marked for fellowship. Yet they are still distinct. The light essay is designed no more inviolably for laughter than the humorous essay is steadily capable of producing it. Both often pass under the wicked name of "easy reading." There was never any "easy reading." When reading is easy it is only a waste of time. Dime novels are all of this, as many professors will tell you. I do not like to think that things of my choice could ever be regarded in that light. *Caveat emptor!* But I'd be quite safe. I should append a postscript: *Only the italics are mine.*

DAVID MCCORD.

* This article will serve as introduction to a collection of British and American light essays, selected by David McCord, to be published this month by Coward-McCann.

An announcement from Hoboken apprises us that the "Last Seacoast of Bohemia" has ambitions for typographic renaissance as well as drama. The statement reads:—

"There is room for a few serious connoisseurs on the mailing list of the Foundry Press, which (under the direction of Mr. R. C. Rimington) will be the official printing office of the Hoboken Free State.

The Foundry Press will be devoted to the occasional emission of limited editions and bibelots of distinguished oddity and esteem. The first of these, now on press, is the Hoboken Free State Passport, possession of which is restricted to members of the III Hours for Lunch Club.

Those who are seriously interested in typographic luxuries may receive Foundry Press announcements by sending their names and addresses to Mr. R. C. Rimington, The Foundry Press, 1 West 67 Street, New York City."

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Books of Special Interest

Democratic Prophesy

THE WESTERN WAY. By FREDERIC JESSUP STIMSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT

WHEN the late Lord Bryce, then at the last of his labors on "Modern Democracies," was questioned by Mr. Stimson in 1920 as to the possibility of something more than a descriptive study of the functioning of democracies—the possibility of an estimate, qualitative in character, of their sociology, their effects on civilization, their aims—the great chronicler replied with some weariness that the subject was "too vast." Yet his professed disciple and one of his trusted correspondents nevertheless found encouragement from his master to revert to some essays of thirty years ago and undertake again that most difficult of tasks—the ethical evaluation of democratic institutions.

It is at once illuminating to note that of these the only true type seems to him to be found in the modern democracies which are really free of custom and religion to the degree of being able to make new laws. Even within this limited field he finds that only the Anglo-Saxon (because of those Teutonic forest origins so venerated by Stubbs and Freeman) have any real concern to combine liberty with democracy. The Latin way is not the true "Western Way." There is about it too much of the love of ordered law and an absolute state to permit much real concern with political liberties—though he admits that there is a troublesome refusal among these Latins to allow any government, even the most despotic, to change the freedom of their personal habits by moral censorship! With some hesitation we may allow France, Belgium, and Switzerland within the charmed path, on the ground that at least they are democracies of some standing which have been consciously experimenting with social legislation for some time.

When individualism is identified simply with "the full recognition of both liberty and property rights, even as against the state, limited only by necessary taxation, eminent domain, and the police power" we are at once warned that we are in a lawyer's world, moreover of a lawyer in the common law tradition who will identify liberty with the ancient protections written rigidly into our constitutions by providing the judges with sweeping mandates for constitutional review of statutes under such conjuror's robes as are contained in phrases like "due process of law." Mr. Stimson has small patience with current philosophical jargon. The use of the term *problem* seems to him simply to be a part of "the academic verbiage . . . to hide one's mental nakedness from the laic. . . . Yet the world is simpler and creation saner, than appears to those who like high words better than deep thoughts." It is with at least real attempt at simplicity that he states his conclusion: ". . . . for some reason which we will not now attempt to fathom, *the three institutions, of private property, of marriage,* and of *personal liberty from state control, are so inseparably bound together that neither one may fall without the other two.*"

With definitions like these it is reasonably simple for one to bring in as "permissible" as much state interference as one thinks wise under "the police power," etc., without being delivered over to socialism. Excellent as this pragmatic patchwork may be as a method for courts which are really empowered to act as censors of social legislation, it does not clear up the ethical problems involved in modern legislation. Indeed one suspects, for all the ripe wisdom which has gone into this charting of the Western Way, that there are very slight divergences in it from the political Fundamentalism which answers every social question with the citation of a court decision. In an account of a joint debate with the late Samuel Gompers over boycotts, sympathetic strikes, "conjoined with picketing and the exclusion of independent labor, if not by law by union rules," as "the necessary aims of labor," the author as a lawyer was unable to comprehend why Mr. Gompers refused to be silenced by the proof that statutes permitting labor these rights might be held, under the common law written into our constitution by judicial decision, to be unconstitutional. Entirely apart from the fact that the law must, as Mr. Stimson says, find some curb for labor combinations as well as the combinations of capital, his inability to see why labor felt that constitutional decisions did not preclude it from struggling to demand certain privileges *as of right* illustrates the one great weakness of this book as an excursion into ethics.

The state is no longer, if indeed it ever was, what "The Western Way" often (though not throughout) assumes it to be, merely the instrument of a constituent general will which functioned through the "founding fathers," drawing in their turn upon the experience of English and colonial struggles against the oppression of individuals by an arbitrary governmental power. The constitutional basis on which the state rests cannot be left only to the determination of judges. The whole context of rights has changed from one in which the state had to protect the individual merely against foreign enemies, feudal injustice, and the abuse of governmental powers. If judges and legislators fall out, amendments become frequent.

The state is indeed only one among many powerful groups which often conflict in their competition for the loyalties of individuals. It may be that the protection of the simple political rights of individual contracts may quite fail to equalize the powers of labor, particularly where it is badly organized or not organized at all with powers comparable to those that can be exerted by groups of employers like the owners of textile mills or the United States Steel Corporation. Indeed "The Western Way" does make a grudging allowance for the necessity of regulation, although its author is enough an old-fashioned liberal to view every new restriction of the ancient liberties of a less complex social organization with suspicion.

This necessity of social control, "prohibitive and directive," is perhaps mistakenly set over against what is called "a liberative and protective" theory of government. The whole issue is as to how much social control is necessary in order that the state may assume a liberative and directive rôle and how that control may best be exercised. The real difference is between the American philosophy of restrictions through judicial review and checks and balances which Mr. Stimson so well represents and the parliamentarian tradition of the democratic intervention of an electorate at general elections which force at least the choosing of sides on issues. The American way is to divide political responsibility by calendar elections and a multiplicity of offices (the latter he deplores), and then save the public (and the individuals who comprise it) from the results by the party system acted upon by pressure from great groups outside the government, and by the checks of the executive's veto, and by a review of laws through a conservative and all-powerful judiciary. It can be argued that while the latter method escapes some of the weaknesses of parliamentarism, it also fails in the prime duty of educating an electorate through failing to provide it with the means of enforcing responsibility on government. By attempting to save the electorate from the results of bad legislation, it makes positive leadership more difficult of attainment by putting real control outside the law-making body. Initiative under such a system comes far too much from propagandist bodies and interest groups, whom the harassed legislator must placate along with local bosses.

The problem (if I dare use the word) of the control of the administrative experts who really govern us in so wide a range of our daily life remains an appalling difficulty for democracies. "Mandarin government" was the phrase of the old German-American political philosopher, Lieber, whose thinking is so reflected by Mr. Stimson. It goes against the tough individualistic grain of sound American feelings, and happily so, that the pioneer liberties should be so circumscribed. Against the utopian dreams of a completely state-controlled existence, Mr. Stimson advances the usual, but always cogent, reasons for distrust. Unhappily the only salvation against absorption into this state-monster seems to lie in organization of protective groups almost as huge and impersonal. The search for an intimate primary group of democratic community, which becomes pressing with the disintegration of the neighborhood under urban conditions, may be the real "problem" which the Western Way must solve. Otherwise the conditions of an integrated and active democratic community are lost in organizations of too vast a scale.

But if there is here much of complaint against the passing of an old order, there is also honest acceptance and a rare treasure of the distilled wisdom of a long and open-minded life in this book. One is frequently delighted by the restrained humor that glints under shrewd comments upon America's critics since the sympathetic de Tocqueville. With real persuasiveness the Western Way is shown to involve a transcendance of the machine through the perfection of a system of production which can gratify material needs most economically. And yet one may be left to wonder whether, if the Christian ethics of disciplining material desires be despaired of—as it is here—, there can be any limit to the multiplication of human desires. Ferrero's contrast between the Teutonic ideal of power and the Latin ideal of perfection, and their respective effects upon civilizations is not to be so easily brushed aside.

For all its wisdom and illuminating comment this defence of American values leaves one with the uncomfortable reflection that even so stirring an exhortation to Demos (in the manner of Ruskin) to recognize truer values, may be lost in the turmoil of the vivid and whirling civilization of machines which the whole world is celebrating.

Convent Life

CONVENT GIRL. By HELENE MULLINS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1929. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNADINE K. SCHERMAN

NON-CATHOLICS no doubt regard convents as mysterious institutions. Scattered here and there through the noisy parts of cities, they have about them a silence and aloofness that catches the attention. Those many closed windows all curtained alike, all dully neat and even and white,—do they shut away lives as monotonous as themselves, or do they conceal drama, undreamed of by outsiders?

"Convent Girl" should for once and all quell this curiosity. It is an account of a Catholic girl's life in a city convent boarding-school for three years, written frankly, and undoubtedly without prejudice. I don't know where one could look for a more convincing piece of reporting. Listed under fiction or not, it bears every mark of autobiography—a series of episodes and portrayals recounted as they would be remembered by a bright, clear-headed child. There is no axe to grind, no propaganda, no apparent selection of incident—only the events which she would be likely to recall, and the same inconsequential details which we all so often unexplainably retain. There isn't any semblance in it to a story. An incident is told and finished, with scarcely a reference to it later. Certain figures appear and reappear as they did on the child's horizon, but they do not change. Small desultory conversations occur—two Sisters arguing about whether corsets are heating or not,—whether souls lie restless if buried outside of Ireland. . . . Time just moves on—slowly—till the little girl graduates.

When one has finished the book, the picture of convent life is complete—as far as a child could see it, and a clear-visioned woman record it. The undeniable truthfulness in the picture of little-girlhood establishes the accuracy of the background beyond a doubt. They are inextricably intertwined. Yet that is where the reader who wanted to "find out" something may very well be disappointed. There are no "disclosures," and no "revelations" in this book. Even the confessional is portrayed as casually as only one could do it who has approached that institution anywhere from twelve to fifty-two times a year. The nuns are different from most of the women one meets in the world, it is true. They must be to have chosen that profession,—their desires must be different, their interests unbelievably narrowed. But there is the same mixture of the wise and the foolish. Miss Mullins paints one highly neurotic Sister, pale, passionate, who "delighted in humiliating children of sensitive timorous natures, and then pouring balm over their wounds" — one who tortured the little girl for two full years. But beside her is one of those splendid women rare in any *milieu* — open-minded Sister Martha who disposes of wrong-doing with tact rather than discipline, who makes a friend of the little Jewess, and is honest enough to laugh at superstitions. These two are the extremes, between whom pass the drabber figures, women of only mediocre intelligence and of very limited intellectual development. There may have been a tendency to unfairness among them—unscrupulous manipulation of marks on the part of one, the continuous hostility of another,—and a tantalizing lack of logic. No reasoning is necessary in a life like theirs. Any attempt toward it seems mutinous. But there is no melodrama. On the whole these simple folk are a fairly dull group. Behind the dingy walls, there is not tragedy nor exaltation, but humdrum mediocrity.

What drama there is in the book lies in the spell of religion. Not as you see it in the priest with his weary "Anything else, my child?" to the trembling confessor, nor in the Sisters with their hurried though thorough recital of the Angelus (given in full)—but as it affected this normal little girl. Every phase of the training, instilled into each new group as it was year after year by the same instructors and with the same exhortations and denunciations, gripped this child as it must have the first martyrs. The horror at her first mortal sin, the intensity of her yearning for purification in First Communion, her utter faith in prayer —the soul of her rising in it!—these emotions aroused by her religion are beautifully and poignantly real. In fact they are the peaks in a book which is otherwise even and level.

For whether deliberate or not, the author has accentuated the monotony of the picture she has to describe by a slow, unhurried rhythm. She uses ponderous comparisons and academic latinized words like those of the very sermons she used to listen to. It is writing shorn like the convent itself of beauty and of lightness, a medium in perfect harmony with its subject-matter.

Iron Rule

FASCISM: A CHALLENGE TO DEMOCRACY. By MILFORD W. HOWARD. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. 1928.

Reviewed by RALPH M. EATON
Harvard University

MUSSOLINI'S six years of iron rule have, on the surface at least, brought order and unity to Italy. What fires burn beneath the surface it is hard to say. They will not erupt while Il Duce remains the executive, legislative, judicial, and military power, all rolled into one. But the arguments of this book for Fascism as a panacea for the ills of society—outside of Italy—can scarcely be taken seriously. Its author, Mr. Milford W. Howard, formerly Member of Congress from Alabama, is one of the many American visitors to Italy who have returned converts to Fascism. He is a particularly zealous convert, who sees the civilization of the United States on the verge of an appalling disaster; the inevitable fruits of democracy are Socialism and Bolshevism; the remedy is Fascism. Our political philosophy must be cleansed of the dogmas that "all men are created equal" and "all just government derives its power from the consent of the governed," and for them must be substituted a belief in the supremacy of the state—"that it is an entity with a soul or a spirit, and that we owe to it our supremest duty; yes, life itself?" This idea has never been congenial to the Anglo-Saxon mind, and Mr. Howard's fervent appeal on its behalf will probably not make it more congenial. He forgets that the same idea has had its trial, not only in the short lifetime of Fascist Italy, but in prewar Germany from 1870 to 1918.

His hero-worship of Mussolini is touching. "What I saw"—he is describing his audience with the premier—

> will go with me to my dying day, and if I never see Mussolini again, as I probably never shall, he will be with me always. In that moment the ice was all gone—my heart burned within me as did the hearts of the disciples as the Master, unknown, walked and talked to them on the road to Emmaus. And the Italian, the man of power and destiny, of inspired vision—the blacksmith—found a place in the heart of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineer, like himself a dreamer of dreams—a blacksmith—with a love as tender, as sympathetic, as understanding as the love of a father for his son. . . . I felt as Moses must have done as he stood in the presence of the burning bush—that here was holy ground.

The former Congressman from Alabama refuses to believe the slander spread by one of Mussolini's biographers, "that he longed for power, just for the sake of power," and among other arguments against this accusation he gives the following:

> In the second place, I cannot conceive of a man's craving power for power's sake who loves the soul of the violin so passionately that he owns five wonderful instruments, and spends his evenings alone bringing forth their music with master touch until his emotions sweep his very soul with a divine ecstasy.

There is a moving simplicity in the author's outlook upon political problems.

The most valuable, though by no means the most interesting, parts of the book are the liberal quotations from Fascist philosophical and political literature.

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Round About Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS week we should like to initiate our discussion with the consideration of certain recent anthologies. We open a volume like "The Book of American Poetry," edited by Naomi K. Dean and Joseph Dean, and published by Dean & Company of New York, and we feel the title to be a misnomer. It should rather have been called "Certain American Poets," or the equivalent. Most of the names included are unknown to us, and we are unable to ascertain any *raison d'être* for this particular compilation. The appended "Biographical Dictionary of American Poets" is absurdly incomplete. We have only to mention such omissions as those of Poe and Longfellow, stereotyped selections from whom are meanwhile included in the main body of the book, and of such moderns as Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound, and T. S. Eliot. These are only a few of a number. Where are, for further instances, Vachel Lindsay and Robinson Jeffers? We point out these things, because the volume definitely pretends to a comprehensiveness it does not in any sense possess. The reader may carelessly buy it for what it is not. If it had been definitely labelled what it is, a collection entirely at the mercy of personal idiosyncrasy, we should have had no reason to cavil, save at the quality of some of the selections.

Clement Wood has produced, in "Hunters of Heaven: The American Soul as Revealed by Its Poetry" (Stokes), what might be called a long running comment upon indigenous verse beginning with the poetry of the American Indian. His book is stuffed with quotation. Heaven "is the vision of fulfilled desire." How have poets expressed the desires of Man? After commenting upon the desires of the aborigines and their expression, he turns to England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to give the American colonists their background. He follows with the later America and the period of the Civil War. One of his best chapters is entitled "The Valhalla of Sweet Echoes," for Clement Wood has a most extensive knowledge of what a witty forebear of ours once called "The Minus Poets," of folk-song and of popular songs of the past, as well of of the true poetic art. He is often most amusing in laconic comment and in odd juxtapositions of the popular voice as expressed in the popular song and the "minus" poem, over against the genuinely artistic utterance. At the end of his book he enters into a prophecy of the future, taking the expression of modern poets as a barometer of how our present civilization may develop. This is a cluttered book, and the writing of it is often careless, the judgments often hasty; but it is full of interesting material. It is written with pell-mell gusto from a large fund of information.

"The Book of Sonnet Sequences" by Houston Peterson (Longmans) is a charmingly printed large volume, containing most of the great sonnets in English, though, of course, Wordsworth's "The River Duddon" is not of his very best. The sonnets from Keats are selected, and give a much fairer idea of Keats's genius. But then, equally of course, he never wrote a sequence. One may question the inclusion of David Gray, and yet one is rather glad to be reminded of so forgotten a poet. We ourselves should have preferred the choice of Eugene Lee-Hamilton's "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" to his "Mimma Bella," and it is unfortunate that Elinor Wylie's sequence in her "Angels and Earthly Creatures" appeared too late in book-form to have come, evidently, under the eye of the compiler. For, to say the very least, these sonnets are extraordinary. Also we feel that the late George Sterling wrote certain as fine sonnets as have appeared in America, though we cannot say it of his "Sonnets to Craig." However, for Sidney and Shakespeare, Donne, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Meredith, the Rossettis, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Santayana, Brooke, and Edna St. Vincent Millay's work, the book is worth having. And it is good to see Thomas S. Jones Jr.'s "Christ in Britain" in this collection, even while we regret that Arthur Upson's "Octaves," being octaves merely, and therefore not strictly sonnets, should have had to be excluded. William Ellery Leonard's "Two Lives" has been abridged, and we should rather read it whole. The intensity of its cumulative effect is here somewhat diminished.

In "Certain Poets of Importance," compiled by Hattie Hecht Sloss (Dutton), tribute is paid to the memory of Gertrude G. Norris, the mother of Charles Gilman Norris, who supplies a foreword. The book is dedicated to her, as she was the Founder of the San Francisco Browning Society, and for years its literary director. She was also a deep student of Browning and an accomplished reader of his work. Mrs. Sloss's anthology "was made for the San Francisco Browning Society to be used as a study plan in an analysis of the works of the poets who lived and died during the life of Robert Browning. Only one poet who survived Browning is included, and that one, Austin Dobson, becomes one of the group because all his important and significant work was done during that time." As it is a book arranged for purposes of comparison of the different poets's treatment of the same general themes it necessarily suffers from a codification that we, personally, find wearing, though we admit its usefulness to a study club. But then we find the same difficulty with "Parnassus en Route," an anthology of poems about places on the European Continent, compiled by Kenneth Horan (Macmillan). Here one starts with two poems, by Keats and Masefield, under the heading, "Outward Bound," and takes up in order poems about England, Ireland, Wales, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Spain. The arrangement is not uningenious, either. But, quite frankly, we could not possibly go on tour with such a book. We cannot read poetry that way,—neatly pigeonholed for the globetrotter. Again, when we come to "Twentieth Century Love Poems," Caroline Miles Hill's compilation for Willett, Clark & Colby, where one encounters such sections as "Love Aflame," "Love Reveries," "Love Victorious," "Love Rebellious," "Ashes of Love," "Mystic Love," we find ourselves "high-sorrowful and cloyed" before we have even started. The only thing that (we regret to say) really cheers us concerning the "excess of sweet" of such a collection is to suddenly open the book to this granitic nugget by L. A. G. Strong, entitled "The Brewer's Man":

Have I a wife? Bedam I have!
But we was badly mated.
I hit her a great clout one night
And now we're separated.

And mornin's goin' to me work
I meets her on the quay;
"Good mornin' to ye, ma'am," says I.
"To hell wid ye," says she.

That is the trouble about any anthology of love poems! The reaction sets in on the part of the reader! And we must grant Miss Hill wit in forestalling it and in evincing considerable taste and wide reading to choose examples that show the widest variety of love expressions. Her compilation triumphs over its section titles, after all.

Two books by American women poets, one dating from last year, convey their best work to date. The first is Margaret Widdemer's "Collected Poems" (Harcourt), the other Aline Kilmer's "Selected Poems" (Doubleday, Doran). In "The Dark Cavalier," "Words," "Revisitants," "God and the Strong Ones," and "Janua Vitae," Miss Widdemer is at her best, and a very good best it is. Her phrase, in these, is significant and impressive. Aline Kilmer's smaller book is even more distinguished. She is briefer, but what she says is almost always to the point. Even in her poems to her children she has never crossed the shadowy line from sentiment into sentimentaility. Rare lyrics in our time are "Shards," "Things," "Knowledge," "Favete Linguis." We quote the last:

Speak not the word that turns the flower to ashes,
Praise not the beauty passing as you gaze.
Let your eyes drink of loveliness in silence:
It will but wither even as you praise.

See there the plum tree heavy with its blossom
Swings like the full moon, glimmering and round;
You lift your lute to celebrate its beauty,
And all its petals flutter to the ground.

Recommended:

THE BOOK OF POETRY. By EDWIN MARKHAM. New York: Wm. H. Wise & Company. 1927.

THE BRONZE TREASURY. By HARRY KEMP. The Macaulay Co. 1927.

PANSIES. By D. H. LAWRENCE. Alfred A. Knopf. 1929.

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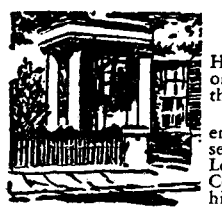

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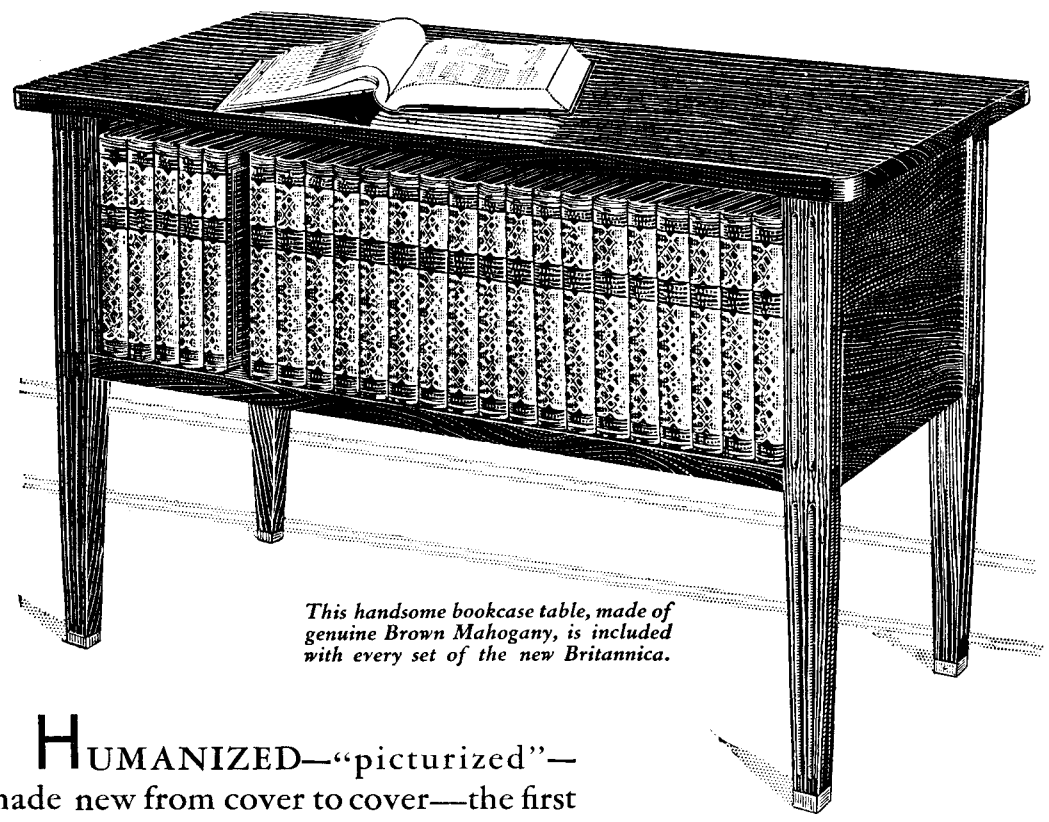

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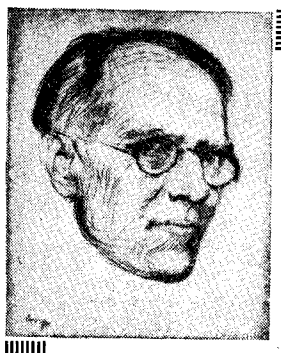

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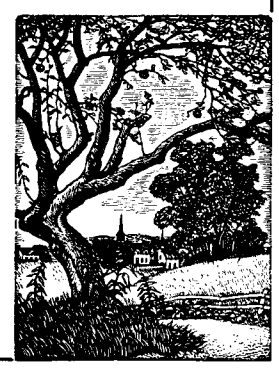

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Foreign Literature

The Future of Austria

OESTERREICHS WEG ZUM ANSCHLUSS. Von Dr. Gerhard Höper. Berlin: Reimer Stobbing. 1929.

Reviewed by Robert Dunlop

WHAT is to become of Austria? The question is one that, in the opinion of all clear-sighted Austrians, presses urgently for a decision. For, that things cannot continue as they are at present is evident to any but the blindest, and at least eighty percent of the population are convinced that the only way of safety lies in a political union with Germany. But how, in the face of the interdict placed on such a step by the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain, is this end to be achieved? It is useless inquiring what moral right the Powers have to oppose the Anschluss. Everybody knows that the clause in the Treaties prohibiting the union of Austria with Germany is in direct contravention of the Wilsonian doctrine of national self-determination. But what of that? 'Tis written in the bond. Eventually, of course, Austria and Germany will unite to form one country as Austrians and Germans are now one people. But till then fifty years may pass away and as things are Austria cannot afford to wait.

No doubt there are many people who are convinced that Austria has a future before her as another Switzerland. It is a preposterous idea. The development of Switzerland as an industrial and tourist State from a union of small peasant republics has followed along perfectly natural lines and it has taken a hundred years for her to reach her present state of prosperity. To reverse the process and ask from Austria, which not long ago was the industrial and administrative center of a great Empire, to become within the space of a generation another Switzerland is absurd. Switzerland is like a man who has risen to prosperity by his life-long exertions. Austria is like a man who has suddenly lost his fortune and is compelled to begin life afresh with diminished energy and fewer resources.

Before the War no one in Austria bothered himself about making the country a resort for tourists. Strangers came to Vienna to enjoy themselves in an atmosphere more congenial to them than that of New York or London. Students of all nations flocked thither to study medicine, art, and music Vienna was a cosmopolitan city where East and West met together in perfect harmony. But for the world at large Austria was practically an unknown country. Its peasants were indifferent to strangers, or rather, they disliked them. Its hotel accommodations, outside Vienna, Salzburg, and Innsbruck were of the most primitive sort. Now, if Austria is to become a center of tourist traffic, all this must be altered. The beauties of its scenery must be revealed by costly propaganda. Hotels, answerable to the requirements of travellers accustomed to the luxurious establishments in Switzerland, must be built. Roads suitable for motor traffic, constructed, golf-links, tennis grounds, etc., laid down. But all this requires money and the Austrians have no money for such purposes. Austria is the heaviest taxed country in Europe and seventy-eight percent of its tax-paying population possesses an income of less than 4600 shillings, say $700 a year. No doubt there is ample room for the profitable investment of foreign capital. The Austrians are an industrious and progressive people. Austria itself possesses more natural resources than does Switzerland. She has a superabundance of iron-ore and a small steel industry of excellent quality resting upon it. She has plenty of wood for building purposes and for the manufacture of paper, furniture, and musical instruments. She is well provided with leather, and in her rivers and waterfalls she has an almost unlimited supply of electrical power, which is making her more and more independent of the coal she has still to import. Thanks to more intensive farming she is also becoming more independent in the matter of food-stuffs. In consequence of three successive good harvests she was in 1927 able to cover her requirements in this respect to eighty-six percent. Her milk production has grown from 600 million liters in 1919 to 2090 million liters in 1927, and she is able to compete with the best cheese manufacturers. Her beet industry has increased from 7500 wagons in 1919 to 55,058 wagons in 1927 and she is now able to produce sixty-five percent of all the sugar she wants. We mention these facts not because they are signs of Austria's increasing prosperity, for actually her economic position, as shown by the adverse balance of her trade statistics, amounting now to about 520 imports to about 300 exports per head, is growing weaker year by year, but because they constitute part of Dr. Höper's argument for an economic union with Germany as a first step to a political Anschluss.

After reminding us that the political unity of Germany took its origin in the Customs-Union or Zollverein that preceded it, Dr. Höper argued that as Germany and Austria are for postal or legal purposes already one country, it would not be difficult to break down the customs barrier between them as a preparatory step to a political union. What Austria wants, and what the Treaty of St. Germain deprived her of, is a market for the disposal of her products. Germany alone, Dr. Höper insists, is in the position to absorb a great deal of these commodities, and in return she is able to furnish Austria with the raw materials she requires for their cheaper production. Economically, as every free-trader will allow, there is nothing to be urged against the plan. On the contrary, to those who see in customs barriers a permanent source of disquiet, there is everything to be said in its favor. The only question is whether such a Zollverein between Germany and Austria would not be regarded by those powers who are interested in preventing a union between Germany and Austria as a breach of the Treaties. To evade this danger, Dr. Höper suggests a reciprocal agreement between manufacturers in both countries, whereby, without formally abolishing customs duties, these duties should, so to speak, be pooled for their mutual benefit. Thus, if an article produced in Austria costs X and in Germany X+Y, and *vice versa*, if an article produced in Germany costs X and in Austria X+Y, Y (the customs duty) may in both cases be eliminated and the article sold for the same price in Austria as it is in Germany and *vice versa*. It is an ingenious plan and has apparently, where it has been tried, attained some measure of success. Of course it is only a makeshift for a proper Zollverein, but it may be the thin end of the wedge to such and the first step to a politic union.

Some articles by Walt Whitman relating to "Leaves of Grass" have been found in the file of the *New York Saturday Press*. They have been collected by Rollo G. Silver and will be issued in a privately printed edition.

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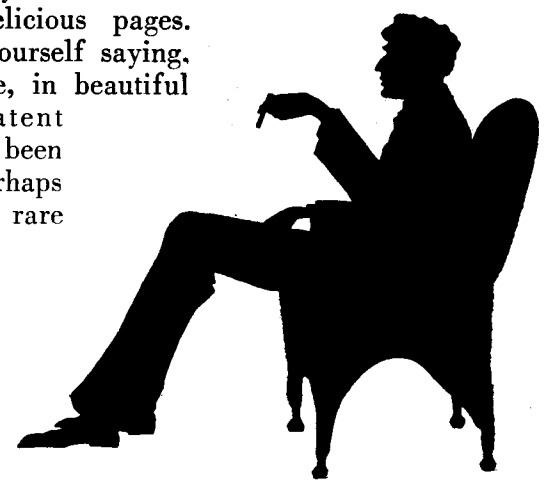

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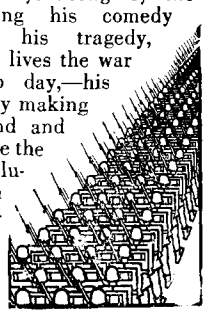

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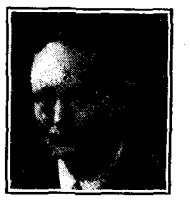

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Points of View

First Editions

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of August 31st, Gilbert M. Troxell reviews "Modern First Editions: Points and Values" by G. H. Fabes. Your reviewer raises the wind about the omission of the works of certain authors in this book and remarks that it is a pity that Mr. Fabes should have confined his selection of books to those that illustrate his theory of "points"; these points being, apparently, the physical differences between the first and the subsequent editions of a given book.

Regardless of *de gustibus* in the matter of the black sheep and the white among the authors, it occurs to me that, unless Mr. Troxell is prepared to demonstrate that points of difference exist between the first and the subsequent issues of his chosen writers, he is shooting beside the mark.

Mr. Troxell is alarmed that a collector, amateur or otherwise, should work with a metering device when occasion demands, and suggests that the inexperienced obtain a certificate of perfect vision from their oculists before attempting any collecting. His one quotation from the work in question is highly illuminating. He quotes, ". . . the word 'Cassell' at the bottom of the spine in the first is smaller, the letters being one-sixth of an inch in height. The height of the letters on the second issue is one-eighth of an inch." With this quotation in mind, it is apparent that Mr. T. should visit *his* oculist, to say nothing of his psychiatrist, as he would seem to be suffering not alone from myopia, but from metrophobia. Even one who is not a typesetter can instantly apprehend the difference in size between *Bourgeois* and *Small Pica* type or in nine-point and twelve-point, or between type .125 inches high and .166 inches high. If one cannot detect that difference without metering, then one should use the recommended pocket-rule and secure his first edition by means of that useful instrument, always provided that one has correct information to follow. But here is the nub of my quarrel, both with the author and the reviewer of this handbook.

The quotation that your reviewer so aptly selected is self-contradictory, yet your reviewer failed to detect its error. The word at the bottom of the spine in the first issue is smaller than it is in the second issue, yet in the second issue the type is only one-eighth of an inch high and in the first is one-sixth of an inch in height. The size of the type in the first edition is about one-third larger than that in the second edition, yet it is stated that it is smaller and your reviewer does not challenge the statement.

The worth of a handbook of this nature, whether for the book collector or the engineer, is its accuracy of factual data, not its opinions as to who is the better author or bridge builder.

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Xenophon on Alcibiades

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Professor Bellinger (*Saturday Review,* July 20) sums up the authorities on Alcibiades as "chiefly" Thucydides and Plutarch. I could have wished he had added Xenophon, not only because the "Hellenica" is our contemporary source for the last part of Alcibiades's record, but also for the uninventable conversation between Alcibiades and Pericles in the first book of the "Memorabilia." Alcibiades, then a big boy, offers an argument for philosophical anarchism. Pericles, not finding it easy to refute the argument, compliments Alcibiades on his smartness and intimates that such argumentation is fine exercise for boys. Alcibiades, feeling the snub of this classification, goes off intimating that perhaps the boy's point of view is the best. So far the record; now, to go on beyond it, Alcibiades ends by taking to heart the admonition that ethical theories are not for practical men when they lead to unconventional conclusions, and drawing the inference, which Pericles had not at all intended, that ethical theories are not for practical men when they lead to conventional conclusions. Thus we get the Alcibiades of history, the politician with absolutely no ethics, although Socrates had done good work in starting him on an ethical track. This conversation looks to me like one of the small things that are turning-points of lives.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

More on Graduate Study

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

May I add a crumb to your symposium on graduate study? I give a few graduate courses,—they are as dry as you like, and, I hope, as scholarly as you like. But last year I told a class of fifteen—as promising students as we get out here—that if any one of them would write me a good brief essay—purely literary, playful or serious, anything but erudite—on a certain drama, he and his work would go up several notches in my mind. It wasn't to be required work, but voluntary: no penalty if not done, but merit acquired if it was well done. Not a single male or female came forward with a line! Lack of time? No, lack of that sort of ability. They just couldn't do it.

Please don't let anyone accuse us dryasdust profs. of crushing buds of literary talent. We hunt for it. It isn't under our hands. The path of a born writer, whether creator or critic, doesn't lead toward a Ph.D. And part of our job is to steer ambitious mediocrities away from the mountains they can't reach, and set their donkey-power to turning a bucket-pump on the flats, where their capacity for plugging may in the end suck up some valuable scientific results.

PROFESSOR.

University of California.

Chesterfield Letters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am engaged in preparing for publication a complete text of the letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth earl of Chesterfield, which will be issued in a limited edition by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode during 1930. The previous editions of Chesterfield's correspondence are far from complete; and since many letters in public collections have never been printed, it is probable that there are still some in the hands of private owners which are also unrecorded. I should be deeply grateful to any of your readers, who may know of such documents, if they will be kind enough to inform me of their present whereabouts.

BONAMY DOBRÉE.

Mendham Priory
Harleston, Norfolk, England.

A correspondent of the London *Observer* says: "The statement of the German author, Ernst Glaeser, that, to avoid political controversy, he would prefer to publish his next book abroad, and have it translated into German subsequently, has been contrasted very unfavorably with the action of the French writer, Henry de Montherlant, who has refused the publishers permission to issue a German translation of his play, 'Exile,' on the grounds that a nation has no need to wash its dirty linen in an unfriendly country. M. de Montherlant's play dealt with a mother who abetted her too sensitive son in keeping out of the war in 1914. The author's contention is that such exceptions to the general rule would not be understood in the proper light abroad."

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

ADOLESCENT READING

EVERYONE, we suppose, can recall the first plunge into adult fiction and the shock of delight in which impact with the world of the novelist's imagination resulted. Suddenly between the covers of a romance opened a new heaven and a new earth, peopled with men and women of familiar mien and figure, but compact of emotions and situations hitherto only faintly glimpsed and until then in no wise brought into perspective. No later experience of reading can have quite the tang of those first vicarious adventures into life and living, quite the power to transport the reader without the bounds of time and self into the projections of the writer's fancy. Youth, when first it discovers the microcosm of life that is the novel, like William James's baby which *is* light the first time it sees light, is completely merged with what it reads; it is the participant, not the observer, in what unfolds before it. What dear delight in all the joys and triumphs of hero or heroine, what agony of apprehension when danger threatens, what exultance when odds are conquered, and passion of grief when ill befalls! No matter how stimulating the literary draughts of later years, there is never again such intoxication of enjoyment to be had as in those first sips of fiction.

We are presupposing, of course, when we say fiction the work of master writers, not the saccharine concoctions or tumultuous chronicles that frequently serve as substitute for an adolescent public,—the novels which have found permanence of fame in the verdict of the many and time. Scott, Dickens, and Dumas, to mention an obvious trio; Frances Burney and Jane Austen to name two less generally prescribed for the young —these are authors who open the road to delight to the boy and girl on the brink of maturity. They do more than open the road to delight; they supply the capstone of taste for reading, the background for measuring the values of literature.

The process by which taste and understanding develop is a subtle one. Certainly the young never deliberately set out to capture them. All unwittingly, while completely enthralled in a story, they drink them in, taking into the very fibre of their thinking sensitivity to good literature. And the habit thus formed of liking the good in literature, like all other habits, is easier to make than to break. Once panoplied against the spurious by acquaintance with the genuine, the adolescent reader has been armed with a knowledge in the light of which he can develop standards. There is no need, however, to urge this point; it is obvious. We make it here merely because we so frequently see parents casting about for books written for boys and girls "between fourteen and sixteen years of age." If fourteen and sixteen have the maturity of their years their parents need not puzzle: their children wait at the very threshold of delight, for the portals of the great novelists stand ready to swing open to their touch. They have passed beyond the realm of juvenile books into the rich pastures of literature.

Reviews

MORE "VERY YOUNG" SONGS. Words by A. A. MILNE. Music by H. FRASER-SIMSON. Decorations by E. H. SHEPARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929.

FIFTEEN SONGS FROM "LOOKING OUT OF JIMMIE." Words by HELEN HARTNESS FLANDERS. Music by HEINRICH GEBHARD. Illustrated by WILLY POGANY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1929.

Reviewed by DAVID STANLEY SMITH
Yale University

THE problem confronting the composer of music for children is a hard one. If he meets the level of the very young singer's intelligence and ability to read music, he has constantly to forego the musician's delight in threading pleasant bits of harmonic embroidery. If he frankly turns his back on the child singer, he has to provide the mature singer with something that is not too "cute," something that will not make him look like a giant in a kindergarten. The piano accompaniments, moreover, must be easy, and the professional pianist-composer must find for himself a definition of "easy" that excludes almost everything he would like to put on paper. Most music for children falls unsung between the child and the artist.

Mr. Fraser-Simson's music to the poems of A. A. Milne, already made famous by their publication in "When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six," are actually for singers who can sing. This is not meant as hostile criticism. Even though the musical settings may be hardly more than pegs for Mr. Milne's poems to hang on, some of the songs have value on their own account. "Spring Morning," for an example, is an excellent and appealing piece of music.

The music of this volume will please older people, for it is skilfully made and is free from the banality that makes most music of the kind quite unendurable. Undoubtedly, singers who seek to entertain rather than to uplift will give the songs a wide hearing. But they will sing them mostly at evening concerts, after the children have gone to bed.

In this book vocal music goes back to her origin as the handmaid of poetry. Unlike the songs of the great masters, most of which live through their music no matter what value the poetic texts may have, "More Very Young Songs" will derive their sustenance mainly from the poems themselves. It is the more gratifying that the poems have received at the experienced hand of Mr. Fraser-Simson good musical settings. The volume deserves, and will have, the approval of all singers of light songs, whether amateur or professional. Incidentally, it will serve to enlarge Mr. Milne's already large audience.

Mr. Gebhard, too, has brought good musicianship to his task of making settings to the poems from "Looking Out of Jimmie." Like Mr. Fraser-Simson, he has shot a little over the heads of the children, but he has avoided cheapness, the sin of most light music. The melodies and accompaniments are sufficiently original and practical to warrant their use by many singers. A higher degree of originality might destroy their usefulness, for in music thorough originality always makes for difficulty of performance.

Real music for children, good music that can be understood and sung by them, is to be found mostly in the body of old folk-songs, and the best of them come from France. Modern musicians, with their conservatory training, are hardly able to reach the children, except by the roundabout route through their parents. We parents should be thankful that the music of the two books here reviewed is of so good a quality as to engage us, even if we may get more fun out of it than our children will.

ABBY IN THE GOBI. Written and illustrated by FLORENCE CHOATE and ELIZABETH CURTIS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1929. $2.

THE STORY OF WOOFIN-POOFIN. Written and illustrated by MARGUERITE BULLER. The same.

LIZA JANE AND THE KINKIES. Written and illustrated by MARY PHIPPS. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1929. $2.

IF I COULD FLY. By FERRIN L. FRASER. The same.

THE MONKEY THAT WOULD NOT KILL. By HENRY DRUMMOND. Illustrated by LOIS LENSKI. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by JEAN WHEELER
Author of "Poetry for Children"

THE first three of these are picture books —big, flat, inviting ones. "Abby and the Gobi" was our favorite with roguish pictures of baby monkeys and prehistoric monsters. They are drawn with a delightful care for humor. And the story of the wanderings of Mrs. Absurd, the last of the dinosaurs, is full of colloquial conversation which makes it easy to read out loud, although the adult reader is apt to be the only one to appreciate the sophisticated turns this conversation takes. It is also well to brush up on one's geology before submitting one's self to the array of questions that the book inevitably brings forth.

The illustrations in "The Story of Woofin Poofin," too, will endear it to a

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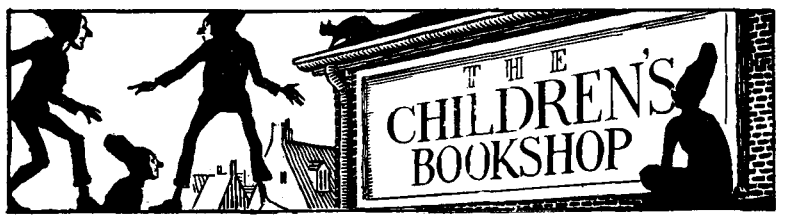

youngster's heart. Such clear bright colors are a joy to see, and the printers have done an excellent piece of work throughout. But Marguerite Buller paints with more buoyancy than she writes. Woofin-Poofin is an aristocratic china dog, whose career, after he leaves the London antique shop, is rather uninteresting and sentimental. The story is all told in the minor key and by the stream-of-consciousness method. Children want more action. But they do love Miss Buller's glorious colors.

In "Liza Jane and the Kinkies" there is even more of a discrepancy between the pictures and the text. The Kinkies are pickaninny fairies that look like kewpies, and the idea of there being such a thing at all is likely to strike children as uproariously funny. But it would be small wonder were they to grow restless hearing the jingly verse. Poor poetry doesn't necessarily appeal to a child. I can see no excuse for such a couplet as,

This cloud was a camel, all blushing, my dears,
Maybe 'cause he was late for a date and had fears.

Moreover, the book is printed in haphazard manner, with three or four sizes of handwriting script on every page and a hectic disarray of red and black underlined words and illustrations tumbling all about.

"If I Could Fly" is much more successfully printed, reproducing as it does a child's own block printing, simply in one color. Drawings and poems both seem to catch the child's point of view.

It is with illustrations by Lois Lenski, whose "Picture Book of New York" has recently appeared, that Dodd, Mead have republished Professor Drummond's book, "The Monkey that Would Not Kill." He wrote it over thirty years ago as a serial for a children's magazine, and in book form it still bears the earmarks of a serial. As the story continues, it becomes more and more akin to a movie scenario, frequent melodramatic crises and all. This is for slightly older children than the other books, probably boys in the latter part of grammar school will like it best. But I doubt if even they like it very much.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF KIT CARSON. By FLORA WARREN SEYMOUR. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $2.
YOUNG PIONEERS ON WESTERN TRAILS. By ORVILLE H. KNEEN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1929. $2.
WAR-PAINT AND POWDER-HORN. By VERNON QUINN. The same. $2.
TOMMY DANE OF SONORA. By A. GROVE DAY. New York: The Century Company. 1929. $1.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

THESE books, covering the far West, Northwest, and Southwest, may be grouped as three of a kind, with the fourth as snapper to the string.

"The Boys' Life of Kit Carson" proclaims itself by title. Mrs. Seymour has set down Carson's career conscientiously and with praiseworthy moderation. She evidently has gathered her information from authoritative sources, and has side-stepped the legends which are not at all necessary in depicting Carson's character. A great deal of hardy commonsense is required of anyone who would present the real Carson, for he was a man of strong commonsense himself. Boys should understand this. It is a mistake, however, to quote Carson's speech as written. About him "thar" was an honest, homely style of utterance which is illuminative and appealing. The book is illustrated by a frontispiece of Carson as brigadier general, and by several photographs of historic places.

"Young Pioneers on Western Trails" reproduces certain original narratives which feature various aspects of early explorations in the broad West. These are the narratives of Samuel Hearne, ex-midshipman who, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, at twenty-four, or in 1769 (date apparently omitted from the book), searching for a rumored mountain of copper penetrated from Hudson's Bay to the Northwest Passage; a portion of the journals of the great Alexander Mackenzie of the Northwest Fur Company, who starting in 1792 (let us have dates) opened the land and water trail from the interior of northern Canada to the Pacific; the trail journal of Captain Zebulon Pike who explored up the Arkansas River; the narrative of James Ohio Pattie, 1824-1828, with a company of beaver trappers through the Southwest clear to California; and the dictated, incomplete autobiography of Kit Carson, as resurrected and published by Miss Blanche Grant of old Taos. There are notes and other comment by Mr. Kneen, and an artist's frontispiece.

Vernon Quinn has compiled a lively series of episodes in his "War-Paint and Powder-Horn" which bears the jacket sub-title, "On the Old Santa Fé Trail." In his round-up Mr. Quinn threw rather a wide noose, for he has dragged in a stray or two from other trails. Nevertheless the story may stand as a vivid recounting of the adventures of explorers, trappers, traders, freighters, soldiers, and stagers along the Road to Santa Fé, from the day of Pike to the days of Custer and Buffalo Bill. The lay-out of the book—jacket, covers, and action pictures, —is most engaging.

The books above, all have a Kit Carson in them; now, in "Tommy Dane of Sonora," we come upon a young Kit Carson of Old Mexico, by name Tommy. He is an American boy, born in Tres Cruces of Sonora, who had lost his prospector father, and is on his own and fully capable of keeping it. In the first chapter he is hunting deer, and saves the man, Joe Buckingham, from bandits. Thence the chapters trail leads ever to bandits, gold, Indians, rattlesnakes, what-not, with a plot rich in tradition and local color, and with Tommy, as resourceful as the real Kit Carson, holding the center of the stage. Mr. Day, who knows his rural Mexico, has achieved a blue-ribbon yarn for boys—and men.

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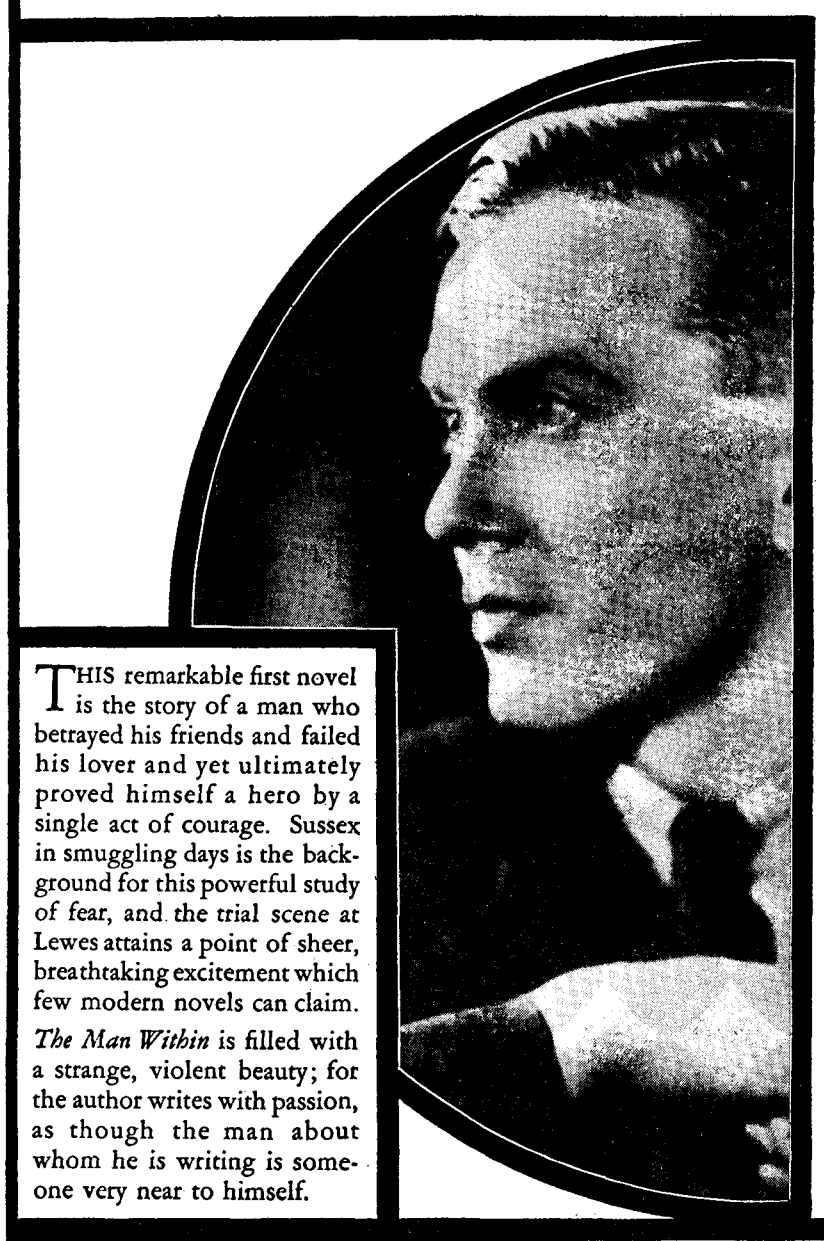

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

JOHN GALSWORTHY. By LEON SHALIT. Scribners. 1929.

Apart from some slight personal and biographical material, this survey is an analysis or description of each of Mr. Galsworthy's novels, short stories, and plays. Most of us have made acquaintance with his novels at different times over many years, so that the structure, in particular of "The Forsyte Saga," may not always be clear. If it had occurred to Mr. Schalit to add a complete scheme or table of the Forsyte family with all its marriages, it would have helped still further to clarify our minds.

PROGRESS IN LITERATURE. By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan). 1929.

Progress does not necessarily imply improvement, but it implies organic change. The organic change in the history of literature which justifies the use of the word progress is analogous to the progress of language. In both it is a change from the synthetic to the analytic. The grammar of savage languages is complex because the savage does not analyze, and the simplicity of the modern analytical grammar answers to our more complex consciousness of the world. The primitive "portmanteau" words present the same difficulty as Chinese script, and the analysis into the alphabet and the parts of speech was the solution of the difficulty. The habit of analysis has been growing on mankind through all its cultural history. The principle of progress in the art of literature has followed that lead. The old poets do not take the emotions apart to show what they are made of. Their "stock epithets" are synthetic. The difference between *fuissem* and *I should have been*, between the interlocked Latin sentence and the modern sentence held together by auxilliary words, is like the difference between Attic and Elizabethan drama. In Sophocles the whole dictates the parts; in Shakespeare the parts consent to the whole. Where the ancients saw wholes, and things, persons, motives were relatively simple, we see the parts in the whole. The solid, undifferentiated story becomes complex with awareness of all that lies within and behind it. The movement is of course not uniform and constant, but the main drift of it is traceable. It constitutes an organic change, or progress.

Fiction

PLUS AND MINUS. By FRANZ HARPER. Translated from the German by DERICK WULFF. Covici-Friede. 1929. $2.50.

Franz Harper's light, fanciful story does not belong in that succession of remarkable novels which in recent months have come to us from Germany. It is instead typical of that second-rate, frothy continental literature which is prolifically represented in this country by the Maurice Dekobra school. Frankly, the book seemed to us flatulent, hollow trash, tricked out in gaudy colors to conceal its inherent mediocrity and otherwise embellished by a flashy, sensuous style. The extravagant plot centers in the escapades of a nondescript, effeminate rake, Fedor Harolsen, while he is engaged in love affairs with amazing beauties, seeking to raise money without exerting his thin wits, stalling off his creditors, and maintaining the pretense that he is a person of high-breeding, wealth, and importance. The settings for his giddy capers are Paris, the Riviera, Venice, Berlin, etc. Sometimes this kind of thing is done wittily and is substantially entertaining, but we have not found it so here.

ADAM'S FIRST WIFE. By JANE and ROBERT SPELLER. Macaulay. 1929. $2.50.

In this stately version of the Adam-Lilith fable there is slight evidence of satirical intention, such humorous implications as the text contains being not often or readily apparent. Recalling her memories of seven thousand years ago, the eternal Lilith relates how, as a girl, she won Adam, then newly crowned king of Sumer, a vast and populous domain, for husband, ate of the magic mushrooms which endowed her with perpetual youth but deprived her of the capacity for motherhood, intrigued sinfully with the high-priests, and proved a generally unsatisfactory mate for her royal lord. All this is told in sophisticated, worldly, rather solemn fashion, Lilith infusing into it a vague semblance of modernity, and supposedly antedates Adam's flight from his throne and wanton wife to permanent exile in Eden. Years after his defection, Lilith discovers the now happy man living contentedly in the Garden with Eve and his first-born, upbraids the dreamer for his folly, but fails to persuade him to return with her from the wilderness Lilith promises, if the book is well received, further memoirs of her seventy-century lifetime, a prospect which we do not anticipate with enthusiasm.

PAGAN INTERVAL. By FRANCES WINWAR. Bobbs-Merrill 1929. $2.50.

The resemblance to "South Wind" which strikes the reader on the very first page of Miss Winwar's book is persistent, but entirely superficial. There is a similar scene, though it happens to be Sicily, not Capri; there is a similar set of international characters, eccentric, learned, and erotic either in action, reminiscence, or anticipation; there is the same parade of curious learning and obscure legend. All this is the paraphernalia of what is technically known as the sophisticated novel; that the name fits badly is suggested by the fact that "Pagan Interval," in diction and spirit, is one of the most unsophisticated novels of the past decade. With all allowance for Miss Winwar's evident love of Sicily and her frequently felicitous descriptions, the net effect of her book is to reinforce that recent sage observation of Joan Lowell (or was it Corey Ford?), that sex should be lived more and talked less.

REUBENI, PRINCE OF THE JEWS. By MAX BROD. Translated from the German by HANNAH WALLER. Knopf. 1928. $3.

In the early part of the sixteenth century there appeared in Venice one of the most curious impostors in history—an apparently wealthy Jew, calling himself Reubeni, prince of the land of Chabor, a non-existent realm supposed to be situated in the heart of the great Arabian desert. He came, he said, to offer the assistance of his brother Joseph, King of Chabor, with fifty thousand men, to win back Constantinople from the Turks. This assistance, however, was to be dependent upon permission to raise the Jews of Europe, also, to follow his banner and to be supplied with arms and ammunition for them. In return for his services, King Joseph stipulated that the whole of Palestine should be added to the realm of Chabor. This astounding proposition was hawked about by Reubeni in Venice and Rome and was apparently seriously considered for a time by Pope Clement VII. It failed of materialization not so much because of any incredulity of the Christians as because of the indifference of the Jews toward obtaining their freedom at the cost of so much military effort.

Assuredly the creator of this grandiose plan for liberating his people furnishes an attractive protagonist for a historical novel, and in Max Brod's "Reubeni" the hero's devoted character and tragic career from poverty-stricken childhood to miserable death are in essence deeply moving. But the novel is labored and ponderous, swamped with detail. The characters have a way of fading out; none of them really lives for more than a few pages at a time. Long before the end, the reader is as indifferent to Reubeni's projects as were the contemporary Jews.

HIDE IN THE DARK. By FRANCES NOYES HART. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

It is not surprising that the author of "The Bellamy Trial" should have again written a mystery novel easily adaptable to the necessities of a talking movie. After many years the thirteen Mad March Hares have again gathered at Lady Court, the ancient Marsden manor house south of Washington, for an All-Hallows Eve party. Two hundred years ago the first master of the great house, the wealthy Colonel Sidney Pallisser, was mysteriously murdered while he sat at his writing desk. And since that time the house has been tenanted by a ghost that softly laughs and chuckles to itself as it wanders about. During the evening a storm cuts off communication with the outside world. Just after midnight, and as a game of "Hide in the Dark" has begun, the merriment is horribly interrupted by the discovery on the couch in front of the darkened fireplace of the body of one of the party who has been stabbed to death.

Motives are established for almost every

(*Continued on page 223*)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

M. I. L., Mahanoy City, Pa., belongs to a club that last year used the excellent reading-list selected and arranged by the Oxford University Press to illustrate the growth of the English novel (this list is one I recommend to clubs looking for such advice; it may be secured from the Press's American branch, 35 West 32nd Street). The club now wishes suggestions for further reading along these lines.

WHY not take E. M. Forster's "Aspects of the Novel" (Harcourt, Brace), and, having read all the books mentioned, make your own selections among contemporary fiction such as you believe illustrate his ideas? It would be an unusual course, and I know it would be a delightful one; also the author's style would free any writer of papers—supposing the club does this—from stereotyped phrases and stiffness of manner, that is if the members are at all susceptible to literary influence.

If I were making a choice among recent English novels I should begin with the latest and best of the novels of Susan Ertz, "The Galaxy," which I am delighted to see is published in the United States (Appleton) almost as soon as in London, where it is still making a spectacular success. With reason, for it is a noble specimen of the novel whose pattern is that of growth rather than of arrangement; a woman's life that spans an era and closes with a rushing back of all her bright moments, something as Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria is made to review, in her last dropping off to sleep, the golden moments of a long and crowded human day. I would include Sarah Salt's brilliant study of a restless contemporary love-marriage in "Sense and Sensuality" (Payson & Clarke), repressing my inclination to ask where the first part of the title may be found in the text, and thanking the author for a singularly effective use of a sharp staccato style. I would take in two volumes of connected short stories, "Poor Women," by Nora Hoult (Harper), concerning which I have already expressed myself with decided warmth of feeling, and "Six Mrs. Greenes," by Lorna Rea (Harper), for its masterly treatment of a series of women thrown together rather than bound together by the fact of marrying into the same family. When it comes out in the United States—it is now making a stir in London and getting golden reviews—I would include Marie Belloc-Lowndes's "Duchess Laura; Certain Days of Her Life" (Ward, Lock), because it is in its own province the equivalent of the moving-pictures now being taken of the royal family's home life and activities in Buckingham Palace. When these films are released, they will no doubt prove to be the record of a quiet, very busy social group with strong family affection and sense of social responsibilities—good people, we would say, however exalted. But the point of the pictures will be that they are the only chance people in general will have of seeing the inside of Buckingham Palace and how everyday life is lived there. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's book does just this for the life it describes; it is really and truly an authentic record; it is also the only chance most of us will have of sharing in the domestic life of duchesses. That it is also a lovable book is largely due to the lovableness of the duchess in question, a survival of a quieter and more home-loving period.

Sometime along this course the student should read and ponder "The Structure of the Novel," by Edwin Muir (Harcourt, Brace), as a convenient and inspiring companion when taking in the new books. This is one of the "Hogarth Lectures on Literature," and I hope it introduces the reader to the series in general, for this is full of good things. Among these is "A Lecture on Lectures," by Quiller-Couch (Harcourt, Brace), which is a tonic and general blood-purifier for anyone who gives such discourses, or for anyone who attends them; it is also a present help to one who believes that a club paper may, if properly prepared, be a means of edification and of grace.

The Nature Study Club of Corsicana, Texas, will take astronomy as its subject for the coming season, and asks for text-books for beginners who are willing, however, to give a good part of their time to study. They would like also any works of fiction or non-fiction that would make interesting parallel reading.

THERE are a number of excellent text-books for beginners, the one that I usually recommend for younger students being Isabel M. Lewis's "Splendors of the Sky" (Duffield). But I have had fine reports from users of "A Beginner's Star Book," by E. G. Murphy (Putnam), a larger work, for which the introductory volume is the little "Beginner's Guide to the Stars" (Putnam). The committee advising the Woman's Department of the National Civic Federation in the choice of recent scientific books for popular reading has just revised its list and this is published by the Federation, 9 East 40th Street; it includes Arthur Berry's "Short History of Astronomy" (Scribner), H. H. Turner's "A Voyage Through Space," imported by Macmillan (the second edition with an addendum of recent discoveries), and C. G. Abbot's "The Earth and the Stars" (Van Nostrand), of which the committee says that it has been the aim of the author "to present the most salient of the facts in simple words and in such relations as will display our present views of why and how the celestial host came to be as it is." The works of Professor George Ellery Hale of the Mount Wilson Observatory, presenting newer aspects of the science, must be included in this list, his "The New Heavens" (Scribner) is among the committee's recommendations, and others are "Beyond the Milky Way" (Scribner) and "Depths of the Universe" (Scribner).

For collateral reading an interesting work is the first volume of the trilogy in epic verse by Alfred Noyes, under the general title, "The Torch-bearers" (Stokes); this series displays the efforts of pioneers in science and progress through the ages. This first volume, "Watchers of the Sky" (Stokes), is devoted to the lives of seven great astronomers. I have just received a letter from the Philippines saying that the writer took "Watchers of the Sky" to Cebu with him, on a journey to observe the total eclipse of the sun.

For biography, Simon Newcomb's "Reminiscences of an Astronomer" (Houghton Mifflin) is an important addition to this reading-list; it forms a history of progress during his long lifetime. The nearest I can conscientiously come to fiction is Camille Flammarion's "Dreams of an Astronomer" (Appleton), for the French scientist's romantic and flamboyant manner lends a touch almost of the novel to his reports and conjectures—the latter including possibilities of life on other planets and in worlds to come. Another French astronomer, Charles Nordmann of the Paris Observatory, has a popular account of recent astronomical theories in "The Kingdom of the Heavens" (Appleton), an absorbingly interesting work.

If I were assigning outside work to the readers of this club, I would see to it that all references to the skies and the heavenly bodies to be found in the Old Testament were collected and read; no one could help reading them reverently. You would have, one after another, a series of passages of a grandeur unparalleled. And I would try to gather folk-lore and mythological references, not forgetting the ineffably beautiful negro song set down in Carl Sandburg's "American Song Bag" (Harcourt, Brace), "By'me By," with its recurrent "Stahs shinin', numbah, numbah one, numbah two," and its suggestion of the simple solitary heart lifted to the tropic heaven.

The Wits' Weekly

Competition No. 69. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best short rhymed poem called "The Firstborn." (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review office*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 14.)

Competition No. 70. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most appetizing Ballade of Good Food. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 28.)

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Collector's Madness

IT is of no use to deny the inherent madness of collectors, the curious attitude of mind that induces men of business, physicians, distinguished professors of English literature, maiden ladies, lawyers, Californians, to behave as if the universe, aside from their own respective daily occupations, were centered in the particular obsession of their leisure. In a kind of celestial meadow they run crazily around, bent upon finding something they want, and in their efforts to achieve success rather ignoring the ideals of team-play and service so loudly demanded elsewhere; nothing matters but the presence or absence of half-titles, shaken bindings, new end-papers, omitted letters and marks of punctuation, misnumbered pages, original cloth, cancelled pages, and lists of errata. Perfection, or a form of bibliographical disagreement that adds to the value of what they have, is the goal towards which they are driven, and only a complete conversion to something like fishing or a fraternal organization, can restore them to the normality of the commonplace. They share, perhaps, to a limited degree in the lunacy of musicians and poets.

Fortunately, it may be observed, such madness is not always visible—under ordinary circumstances anyone can behave like his neighbor. There is no reason to believe, even though no one seems to have recorded such conversations, in the impossibility of discussing electrical devices, corporation law, or the Book of Common Prayer with collectors whose professions involve a knowledge of them, simply because those subjects are not primarily connected with collecting—in fact, the element of surprise invariably enters into the entire problem. For there are no outward and visible signs of a collecting mania that can be recognized on the streets: there is none of the dishevelled hair and flowing necktie manifestation that instantly proclaims the wearer for what he is, nor is his manner peculiar. It is only when, quite by accident, someone murmurs a phrase, "Large uncut copy," or "Library labels neatly removed," that the gleam of betraying fire comes out, and the real collector unmistakably reveals himself. It is precisely this display of interest that causes distress to persons who fail to understand sympathetically the reasons for such an awakening.

With a somewhat amused tolerance, Mr. Steven T. Byington in a recent letter to the *Saturday Review* calls attention to what, obviously, he looks upon as collecting insanity in its worst form. What, he asks in effect, could be better proof of the collector's abnormal state of mind than his preferring to take into consideration one aspect of a book rather than another in determining a first issue (in this instance, the order of delivery from the publisher to the bookseller against the order of delivery from the printer to the binder)? Does any of it make the slightest difference, and how can it really matter, unless collectors are all mad, as satirists insist? "It is the order of issue by the publisher that counts and not the order of printing. No one can say in what order the sheets would be picked up by the gatherers, sewed by the sewers, bound by the binders, delivered to the publishers, or issued by them to the booksellers. It is the last point which is important to the collector"—could anyone, he demands, invent more perfect ridicule than this? No, of course not, unless he wished to substitute any of the myriad of other points that concern intensely one group of the book-buying public. There are, for example, at least ten variants of the Second Folio, six of the first edition of "Paradise Lost," three of Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," while for some of Lord Byron's poems and "The Last Chronicle of Barset" elaborate tables have had to be constructed in order to make everything perfectly clear. Perhaps it *is* ridiculous: perhaps it would be better to accept books as they are published without bothering to inquire into their previous history, or without bothering to study their make-up too closely. Satirists have always had book-collectors at their mercy in every direction, for there is, as a rule, no reply that can possibly be made: the victims are helpless, and experience has proved the futility of answer or defense except in those rare instances where superior brilliancy has belonged to the attacked. And booksellers are notoriously serious-minded persons to whom every flaw and every change is important—even if they wanted to reply, it would be impossible. It is at least to their credit that in spite of the constant threat of satire, they continue to feel enough confidence in themselves to ignore the jeers of outsiders.

Granted, however, the essential madness of these people (which they themselves are the first to admit), as well as the ease with which they may be made ridiculous, there is still something to be said in their favor. To them, a book is quite as real as any of the golf scores that are incessantly, even blatantly, thrust upon the attention of bored listeners; their standards of perfection are quite as high as any radio manufacturer's, and their manners are, on the whole, inoffensive. Their books are not dragged into conversation, with bibliographical footnotes, nor are they shown off to dinner guests in the fashion of recent advertising illustrations. Collectors, in the phrase of Mr. C. J. Sawyer, are "trustees for posterity"; in other words, by their efforts, by their very craziness, they all contribute to the history of English literature, and of printing, by trying to keep safely in their collections the earliest forms in which great books were first known to their authors and to their contemporaries. It may all be sentimental, but without the work of collectors at least one branch of human knowledge would be made blank by all the mists of obscurity and ignorance.

G. M. T.

A Poem of Boker's

THE icy winds which blow over the older-settled portions of the Atlantic seaboard might tempt a Ceylonese to the dangerous conclusion that here only man is vile—our poets have occasionally recorded some of the darker aspects of life in these parts. George Henry Boker's poem deals with a decadent wretch who cast his hounds into the molten metal of his iron furnaces.

Whether the tale originally came from Europe is not important: Boker localized it in the English Cornwall, but a similar legend persists in the Lebanon Valley in Pennsylvania, where Boker heard it. The narrative poem has been made into a book by Frederick Warde and printed by Rudge, with pictures by Gordon Ross and an introduction by Owen Culbertson. The setting of the text and the pictures are well mated, the latter being reproduced by the offset process. There is a decorative title-page done in the engraved style of the nineteenth century. The drawings by Mr. Ross are more than usually satisfactory. Eight hundred copies have been printed in the ordinary edition, and two hundred with the pictures colored by hand. A grisly tale, but a good piece of bookmaking. R.

THE trouble with too many of the finely printed books is that the text which they so often gracefully dress is so often of little merit, or else is so easily obtainable in only slightly less attractive form, that one wonders why the printing was done at all. Like the books which the amateur binder takes for his experimentation in a complex craft, the garment, instead of enhancing intrinsic beauty, looks too much like a scarecrow. This is a criticism which cannot be levelled at the reprint of two of Sherwood Anderson's essay—"Nearer the Grass Roots," and "Elizabethtan," now issued as a thin duodecimo by the Westgate Press of San Francisco. The essays may not be important, but they are interesting and readable, and, I assume, are here issued for the first time in book form. The printing has been done by the Grabhorn Press with large, graceful type, wide but well-planned margins, the restrained use of red ink, and two fitting headbands, wood blocks by John I. Gannon. The title-page is not quite at

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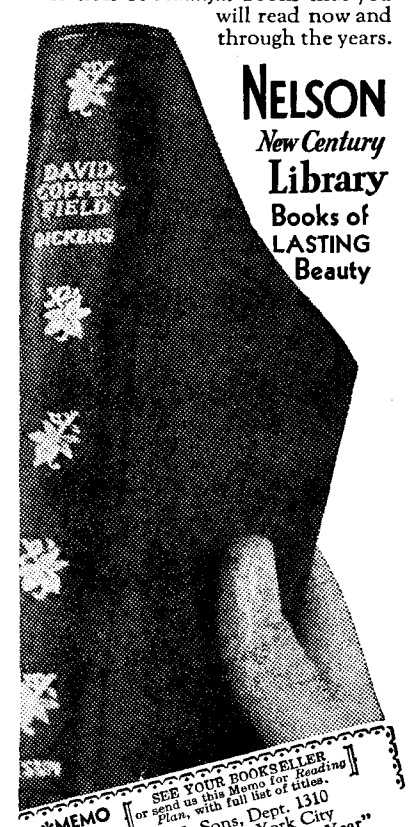

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Auction Sales Calendar

Charles F. Heartman, Metuchen, N. J. October 12: Rare Americana, historical broadsides, pamphlets, books and autographs. Among the more interesting items are: John Adams's "An Answer to Paine's Rights of Man," London, 1793; John Wise's "System of Aeronautics," Philadelphia, 1850; Andrew Beers's "United States Almanac for 1783," Hartford (1782); Ralph James's "The Fashionable Lady," London, 1730, the original edition of the first play written by an American; Thomas Ashe's "Memoirs and Confessions," London, 1815; Morris Birkbeck's "Notes on a Journey in America," London, 1818; "Proposals by the President and Directors of the Massachusetts Fire Insurance Company," Boston, 1795; "The Case of the Planters of Tobacco in Virginia," London, 1733; "Letter from Alexander Hamilton, Concerning the Public Conduct and Character of John Adams," New York, 1800, the rare first issue, privately printed for the author; a few Indian Captivities, including the Howden, 1826, edition of Seaver's "Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison"; eleven letters of Samuel Louden; Increase Mather's "A Sermon Shewing that the Present Dispensations of Providence Declare that Wonderful Revolutions in the World Are Near at Hand," Edinburgh, 1710; Thomas Paine, "A Letter to Mr. Secretary Dundas," London, 1793; Samuel Rutherford's "Due Right of Presbyteries," London, 1644, and his "Survey of the Spiritual Anti-Christ," London, 1648; and several pamphlets dealing with Texas and the Far West.

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Occasionally *The Inner Sanctum* indulges in rash predictions, but the battle-scarred booksellers of West Forty-seventh Street make your correspondents seem Mid-Victorian in their conservatism by announcing that *The Psychology of Happiness* seems destined to equal and perhaps outstrip the sales of *The Art of Thinking*.

This particular prognostication comes from two erudite and enterprising bookmen who have probably sold more philosophy and psychology volumes "over the counter" than any other two individuals in America. Only the canons of the trade enjoin us from setting down their names in this place.

To Karl Placht of The Beacon Bookshop in the Roosevelt Hotel goes the honor [and the profit] of being the first to *re-order* The Psychology of Happiness. Within ten minutes after the book went on sale he telephoned a requisition doubling his original quantity.

The Art of Thinking, incidentally, is selling so magnificently that a fifteen-hundred-copy day causes scarcely a shout or a murmur hereabouts.

Coming Events [all due October 3rd]:

The Murder In the Gilded Cage
by SAMUEL SPEWACK
Hollywood Girl, by J. P. MCEVOY
Peter the Great, by STEPHEN GRAHAM
The Drift of Civilization [a symposium]

The WOODROW WILSON Episode in *The Psychology of Happiness* seems to have stirred up another TUMULTY.

—ESSANDESS.

Four Suggestions For This Week

Slumped Over the Wheel is the dead body of a young man and if you read....

FALSE FACE

by Jean Lilly

you will see why Robertus Love writes: she tells it with such skill in creating suspense that *you* never slump in *your* seat from the moment you discover the body to the time False Face comes into the bad business with the fearsomeness and suddenness of the Headless Horseman.

THE DUTTON PRIZE MYSTERY FOR OCTOBER. $2.00

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DUDLEY and GILDEROY

A NOVEL

by Algernon Blackwood

This is a perfectly delightful fantasy by a consummate literary craftsman . . . limitless in its humor, tragedy and sophistication.

THE DUTTON PRIZE BOOK FOR OCTOBER. $2.50

Dmitri Merezhkovsky's

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

caused a critic like Herschell Brickell to rhapsodize for two and a half pages, in which he termed it "different" . . . "exciting" . . . "full of the same quality of symbolic movement as its predecessor, *Napoleon the man*." Read this story of the man who dreamed of a united Europe. It must be good. $3.50

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

THIS week's shelves seem to us pretty interesting. Of course we are always saying that we are buried beneath a landslide of books and hate them all and so on and so forth. But really, after all, we get a good deal of fun out of books and manuscripts. And we are always seeing new books pop up—or out—by friends of ours that we did not know were producing another. Here's "The Wings of the Eagle," by *Gilbert Seldes*. We saw Gilbert the other evening at a party, and we might have suspected him of being bent upon a book of criticism, but not a novel. And *Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant* has now produced the epic of a New England family, when we were looking for more analyses of real people of the artist persuasion. . . The "trend" seems to be toward novel-writing. . . Even *Percy Crosby* wrote a novel about Skippy. He has now followed it with a book of letters from Skippy entitled "Dear Sooky." . . . We have nothing but recommendations for Skippy and all his works. . . . Perhaps without the depth of wisdom of Skippy, but still fairly young, are the "hard boiled boys and girls" in "On the Make," by *John Riordan*, brought out by Farrar and Rinehart that brand-new and enterprising house. . . . A glance at several of the stories has not, I must say, revealed to us any immortal treasure, though the writing seems honest enough. . . . . For Harcourt *Romer Wilson* has again collected a certain number of the world's best fairy-tales from all countries. His book is called "Silver Magic" and follows after "Green Magic," which was also a collection of stories. *Violet Brunton* is his illustrator. . . . *Gladys Evan Morris* is the author of "Tales from Shaw," ten stories told in the jungle among all sorts of animals and conveying in allegory the substance and pith and inner meaning of such plays as "Major Barbara," "Candida," Pygmalion," etc. An original and delightful idea and the illustrations by *Phyllis A. Trery* are really excellent. . . . *Montague Summers* has followed his former book on vampires with "The Vampire in Europe," published by E. P. Dutton. In it he quotes from a very scarce old novel, "Varney the Vampire; or, The Feast of Blood," published in 1847. It ran to 220 chapters and was one of the earliest works of *Thomas Preskett Prest*. Some of Prest's other titles were "The Skeleton Clutch; or, The Goblet of Gore," "Sawney Bean, the Man-Eater of Midlothian," and "The Maniac Father." We should like to possess all his incomparable works. . . . A book that *Floyd Dell* and *Paul Jordan-Smith* have been at work upon for some time is *Burton's* "Anatomy of Melancholy" now for the first time completely given in English, all the Latin being translated. . . . Again Farrar and Rinehart are the publishers. . . . This volume is a weighty work well accomplished. . . . The new Morrow's Almanack has been edited by *Thayer Hobson*, that sprigthly philomenus. He says modestly "If you don't compare the effort of a mere publisher with the achievement of one of the most brilliant editors in America—*Burton Rascoe*—you may like it." Well, we do. And almost best of the whole contents we like the ancient woodcuts fitted with modern captions. . . . We have heard that Cape & Smith set much store by a new novel by *William Faulkner*, a young writer who began with a good piece of work in "Soldier's Pay," created at least one strange and convincing female in "Mosquitoes," and now comes before us with "The Sound and The Fury," which involves several studies of madness. Oh, and by the way, while Harrison Smith was looking all about him for an outstanding novel he discovered one right in his own household written by his wife We hear it's a whale. . . .

I. S. Hunner has drawn a map of the principal incidents in the "Life of Christ," which the John Day Company is publishing. It is brightly colored and most ingenious. . . . *A. Edward Newton* has published privately, "Thomas Hardy, Novelist or Poet?", based upon original and unpublished manuscripts in the libraries of *Paul Lemperly*, of Cleveland, and the author. The entire edition, less a few copies reserved by the author for presentation purposes, is for sale, and the resulting profit will be forwarded to the Committee in England having charge of the erection of a suitable monument to Thomas Hardy, either on Egdon Heath or elsewhere. Announcement will be made by Messrs. Harper and Brothers of the amount subscribed as a result of this effort. . . .

Then, speaking of our friends, there's our friend, *Don Marquis's* new volume of stories, "A Variety of People." He can produce an awfully good short story on occasion. Remember his whale story of Mrs. McLirr? . . . .

Coward-McCann have been telling how *Margaret McGovern* earned her living as a waitress in Boston while preparing for publication her first volume of poetry, "The Lost Year." Miss McGovern is the daughter of a laborer in Watertown, Massachusetts, and was brought to this country from Liverpool when she was eleven. She never went beyond the eighth grade in the public schools yet exhibits decided talent in verse. . . . We have always greatly enjoyed parodies and *J. C. Squire's* "Apes and Parrots," which Washburn and Thomas in Boston have shipped to our desk, is a fine compact volume of really good ones. . . . The Georgia State Library at Atlanta, in the person of *Ella May Thornton*, librarian, addresses us as follows:

Advise me I beg for the sake of the many
Should one say Bennay, or, more simply,
just Benny?

"Bennay" will be near enough, though an elder member of the family once contended that it should really be spelt Beighneigh. The accent is really on neither syllable. . . .

Doubleday, Doran has now started a venture that threatens to rival the Crime Club. Under the symbol of an archer with golden arrow, designed by Tobias, they have grouped their best love stories of the season. These they consider to be at the moment *Ruby M. Ayres's* "Lovers," "The Guarded Halo," by *Margaret Pedler*; "The Piper's Price," by *Harriet Comstock*; "The Queen of a Day," by *J. S. Fletcher*, and so on. . . .

Speaking, as we were last week anyway, of them old barrooms, *The Carthaginian* writes us from The Dido Cave that though she is not a barroom type she has recently heard from the Little Sister of Old Narragansett a story of how L. S. and her confidante used to do jigsaw puzzles together in one corner of the ship's bar coming home, and of how all the reeling onlookers drank on indefinitely trying to keep up with the intricacies of the puzzle. "That bar became the most popular place on that boat . . . and then one day one particularly puzzle-addicted mama was so absorbed in trying to get a tall silk hat on at the right angle (in the jigsaw puzzle, of course) that her children, who'd had a hard day, began calling each other names such as "You're a guinea!" "You're a wop!" and things like that until they got on her nerves, and at last she turned around and snapped at them severely: "Children, if you're going to talk like that, you can't play in the barroom!" . . . Which is surely a lesson to us all. . . . A complete collection of the Songs written by or attributed to *William Shakespeare*, edited by Professor *Tucker Brooke*, of Yale University, with an introduction by *Walter de la Mare*, is being beautifully brought out on the fourteenth of November by William Morrow & Company. Certainly no living poet is better fitted than Mr. de la Mare to introduce this volume to lovers of Shakespeare. . . . The Poetry Clan selected as its September book of poems *Malcolm Cowley's* first volume of poetry, "Blue Juniata." . . . The *Padraic Colums* have sailed for Ireland, and the other night we dropped in at the Gramercy Park Hotel to see them off. Others engaged in seeing them off included *Edmund Wilson*, the critic, and *Maxwell Perkins*, the publisher. Mrs. Colum says this is a bad season in Ireland, because the winter begins there in August. Padraic expects to be away until January, travelling through the Irish countryside. . . .

Elizabeth Coatsworth, the poet, was married this past summer to Harry Beston. They will live in Hingham, Massachusetts, when they return from exploring the coast of Cornwall and tramping in Devon. . . . Well, well, we'll be going out to dinner now. It seems to be getting later and later. All we do is talk about books and never read them. After dinner we're going home to read a few for a change!

THE PHOENICIAN.

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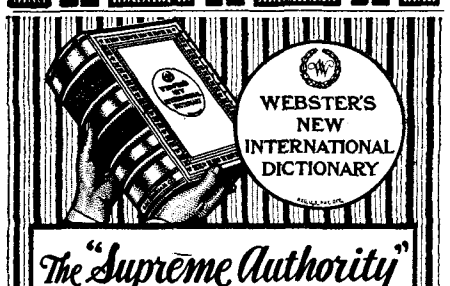

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1929.

County of New York } ss:
State of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Saturday Review Co., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1929. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 167, New York Register No. 1F117.

(My commission expires March 30, 1931).

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page 218*)

member of the party, so that almost everyone becomes investigator. After much questioning there is a confession, but another, to shield a loved one, confesses—and escapes. The story is leisurely and gracefully told and with a charm not always associated with the writing of a mystery novel. Several descriptive passages are noteworthy and the handling of the considerable love element is skilful. While much of the dialogue is unnecessary to the plot it is always interesting and entertaining. And if the characters too often seem to be the ultimate of the type they represent they seldom fail to be alive and convincing.

PORTRAIT OF A SPY. By E. TEMPLE. THURSTON. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.50.

The career of Mata Hari, the dubious Oriental dancer who was shot by the French government in 1917 for her connection with the German secret service, has already displayed its attractions for the writers of light fiction and sensational pseudo-history. For certain readers "the eternal story of the great courtesan to whom men and nations are but pawns in a dangerous game"—to quote the publisher's blurb, has an unfailing fascination. Mr. Thurston, in reworking this material, has departed but little from the well-known outline, given by the newspapers during the war, and since by a number of books which have exploited and fortified the public's conviction that international spies are a peculiarly mysterious, romantic, and thrilling class. He has introduced an English painter as the lover of the dancer in her earlier career who meets her again just before her death, and has sentimentalized her mercenary life in an effort to retain the reader's sympathy, but the narrative remains disjointed, and relies for its main attraction upon the glamour which spying and danger can cast over sordid vice. One wishes that Mr. Bolitho would write that book about international spies as they really are. If anyone can debunk that particular popular delusion, he ought to be the man.

THE MONSTER IN THE POOL. By ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON. Bobbs-Merrill. 1929. $2.

When the Barron's butler, immediately after finding the yellowed paper which told where the long-lost family jewels were hidden, saw an eight-foot alligator approaching he dropped dead, and the yellowed paper vanished with the reptile. Presently the Barrons found the jewels' hiding-place —in the kitchen—but by then the jewels had vanished, though one of them turned up later when Philip Barron was shot through the head. So Jimmy Traynor, private detective and not quite reformed burglar, came to Lakeside to lay the terror, find at least part of the alligator, and recover the jewels. It is all quite light-hearted and giddy, with a highly irresponsible ending, and would have been capital entertainment if the author had either spoofed his material a little more or not quite so much.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on page 216 and 217*)

Miscellaneous

THE MEXICAN AGRARIAN REVOLUTION. By FRANK TANNENBAUM. Macmillan. 1929. $2.50.

When the Mexican Revolution began in 1910, one of the leaders quoted by Mr. Tannenbaum prophesied: "If our people can win for themselves industrial liberty, they can work out their own salvation." This point of view is of the essence of all revolutions; first come the overt acts, then the building of detailed programs. Citizens of the United States who criticize Mexico may well look back at the frontier of their own country, say in the year 1800.

The Mexican Revolution is still going on, as evidenced by the new penal code prepared under direction of President Portes Gil and by other notable governmental changes. Naturally, in less than twenty years it has not built up a perfect agrarian civilization. Yet, as Mr. Tannenbaum shows, it has made significant accomplishments. It has freed half the rural population of Mexico from serfdom. The number of farm laborers has diminished, while the number of independent farmers has increased. Political power has passed from the old land-holding aristocracy to the village, to the agricultural workers, and to the city laborers. There are more than two thousand agricultural community labor unions. The Mexican rural school is being socialized and made the center of the life of its community.

Mr. Tannenbaum has an elaborate and exact basis of facts, obtained not only through research, but through visiting every state in Mexico. But his facts are not oppressive; his book is the most interesting of the publications of the Institute of Economics of the Brookings Institution that we have examined.

THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER. By ALASTAIR MORAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $4.

One finds it easy to believe the publisher's statement that this book is authentic. Fiction with rum-running as a subject would be hardly likely to turn out such dull reading. A day by day account of the doings in the cloak and suit business would be nearly as exciting as Mr. Moray's record of the amount of business transacted between the rum ship and the shore, and the fluctuations in the price of bottle goods.

Perhaps life is more exciting on other rum ships, but the author's existence seems to have been a tedious one. Hi-jackers, Federal raiders, even mutiny threaten, but never actually develop. If Mr. Moray set out to show that the romance of rum-running is a myth, he succeeded. One feels that there must have been more color in the venture than his imagination took note of.

FROM MAGIC TO SCIENCE. Essays on the Scientific Twilight. By CHARLES SINGER. Boni & Liveright. 1928.

The title of this work is almost a complete misnomer. It suggests a study of the progress in primitive society from faith in anthropomorphic special causes to observation of objective universal causes—and one expects to find in it the long desiderated treatment of magic as an initial form of science rather than as a form of religion. But the book deals with no such broad subjects. Instead it is an episodic discussion of the decline of science during the late Roman Empire and the condition of science in the Middle Ages down to the twelfth century. It is made up of seven separate essays written at various times since 1917. The author considers the medieval attitude to extend from 400 A. D. to 1543 A. D., this long period characterized mainly, according to him, by the effort to retain or to return to, the spirit of antiquity. On such a view the thousand years of medievalism are a mere interregnum without any essential culture of their own. Only by an almost exclusive concern with the science of the period, to the neglect of its literature, art, and religion, can such an astonishing view be maintained. A better example of scientific arrogance can hardly be found.

On the other hand, if one takes the volume for what it is, and neglects its crude generalizations, one will find in it a series of highly useful specialized studies of various expressions of medieval science, such as the essays on the Lorica of Gildas, Early English Magic and Medicine, Early Herbals, The Visions of Hildegard, and The School of Salerno. The work is beautifully illustrated with colored reproduction of medieval manuscripts, with photographs, and with drawings.

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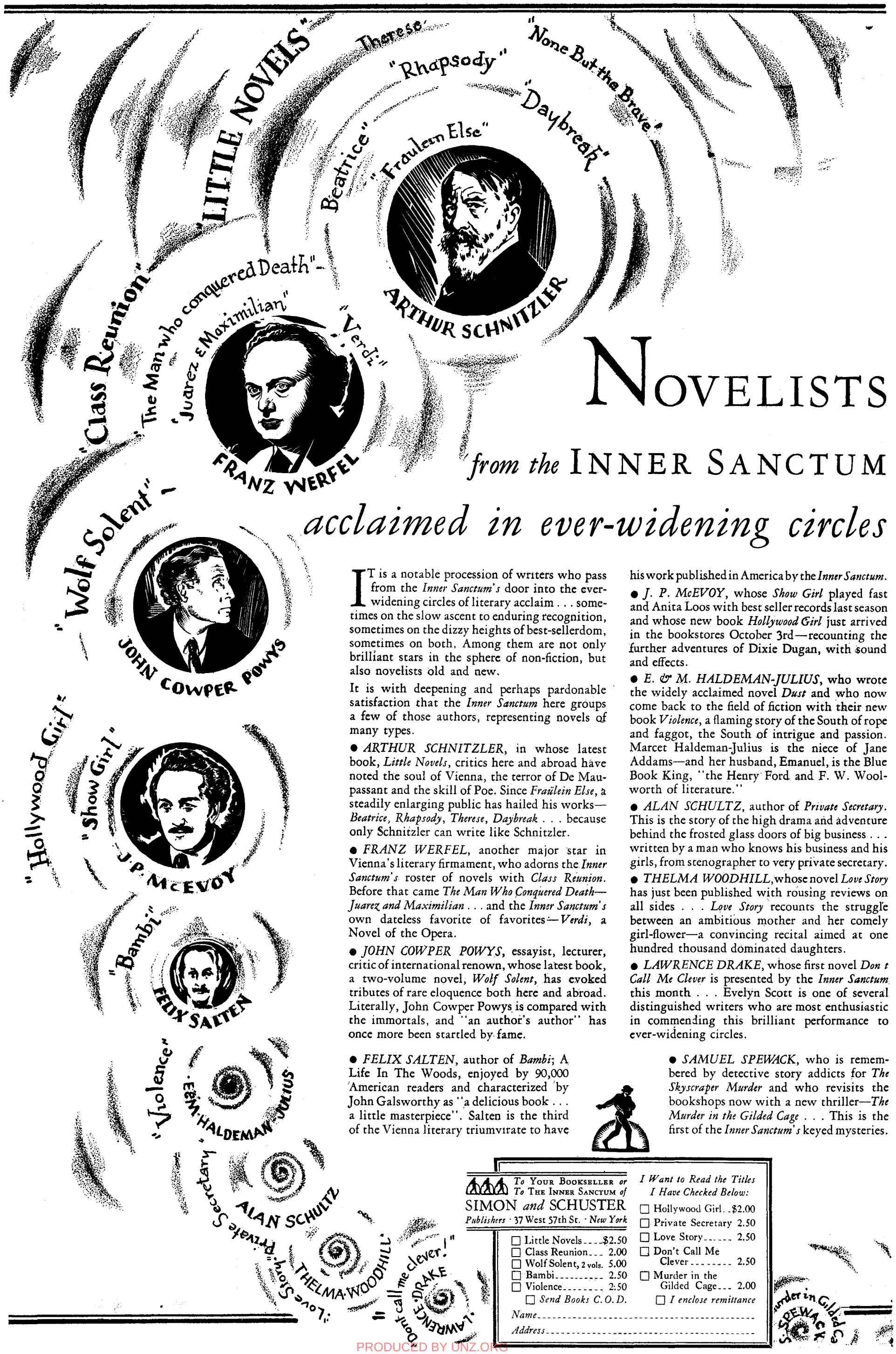

NOVELISTS

from the INNER SANCTUM

acclaimed in ever-widening circles

IT is a notable procession of writers who pass from the *Inner Sanctum's* door into the ever-widening circles of literary acclaim . . . sometimes on the slow ascent to enduring recognition, sometimes on the dizzy heights of best-sellerdom, sometimes on both. Among them are not only brilliant stars in the sphere of non-fiction, but also novelists old and new.

It is with deepening and perhaps pardonable satisfaction that the *Inner Sanctum* here groups a few of those authors, representing novels of many types.

● *ARTHUR SCHNITZLER*, in whose latest book, *Little Novels*, critics here and abroad have noted the soul of Vienna, the terror of De Maupassant and the skill of Poe. Since *Fraülein Else*, a steadily enlarging public has hailed his works—*Beatrice*, *Rhapsody*, *Therese*, *Daybreak* . . . because only Schnitzler can write like Schnitzler.

● *FRANZ WERFEL*, another major star in Vienna's literary firmament, who adorns the *Inner Sanctum's* roster of novels with *Class Reunion*. Before that came *The Man Who Conquered Death—Juarez and Maximilian* . . . and the *Inner Sanctum's* own dateless favorite of favorites—*Verdi*, a Novel of the Opera.

● *JOHN COWPER POWYS*, essayist, lecturer, critic of international renown, whose latest book, a two-volume novel, *Wolf Solent*, has evoked tributes of rare eloquence both here and abroad. Literally, John Cowper Powys is compared with the immortals, and "an author's author" has once more been startled by fame.

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